



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
N811a
v. 2



J. A. Clarke!



ANTI-CONINGSBY ;

OR,

THE NEW GENERATION GROWN OLD.

BY AN EMBRYO, M.P.

“ Who'll exchange old lamps for new.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER ST. CAVENDISH Sq.

1844.

T. C. NEWBY, Printer, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

823
N8V1 a
v. 2

ANTI-CONINGSBY ;

OR,

THE NEW GENERATION GROWN OLD.

FIFTH BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CABINET DINNER-PARTY.

POLITICAL England — that is every man, woman, and child within the limits of the British empire—found itself in a state of perfect mystification with regard to the ultimate objects of the Coningsby administration. The

common people had been so long accustomed to every variety of misgovernment that they very naturally considered, no change could well take place to render their condition worse than it was, and had been. Professional patriots were in general disposed to wait and see what would turn up; before they chose their *partie* for the season; and, if anything, were rather inclined to favor the young England party. Whilst the determined Anti-Coningsbyites crouched for the moment in their lair, like a lion about to pounce upon its prey at the earliest convenient opportunity. As for the new generationites impelled as they conceived themselves by gigantic schemes and mighty principles, they were in reality whirled onwards by the restless ambition of one clever, though ill-regulated mind, whose owner boldly contemplated heights, which they neither collectively nor individually could regard without giddiness and apprehension.

Were I required to define with precision and brevity, the absolute nature of Young Englandism I should simply reply—*destructiveness*.

They belong to that numerous class of pseudophilosophers, who skilled in discovering and pointing out an endless variety of faults in the existing system, nay evidently persuaded that the present state of things requires a radical and uncompromising reform, yet altogether neglect to point out practical remedies for the multitudinous evils and abuses which they are so eagerly ingenious in detecting and exposing.

They see that the people are wronged and suffering, but enveloped as they are in the slime of selfishness and dandyism, they cannot, dare not look the difficulty in the face, and strike with manly courage at the very basis and foundation of the evil.

This is the real state of the case. For many years past the internal prosperity of the English nation has been on the decline. Luxury and

extravagance has incalculably increased amongst the higher classes. Ruin and bankruptcy, produced partly by similar causes, have made alarming progress in the middle ranks of society, whilst poverty, want, misery, even destitution and starvation have multiplied to a frightful extent amongst the lower orders of mechanics and labourers.

Three grand causes have chiefly operated in producing these melancholy effects. Overpopulation, with its inevitable concomitant and result — exaggerated competition, excessive luxury, and the blasting spirit of *centralisation* and monopoly.

None but a giant mind is capable of meeting the exigences of the present times. Delta and Co. are decidedly no intellectual Brobdignags. They are to be pitied rather than scorned for the position they have attempted to assume. Fearing to appear little, they dare not to be great—the principles they express

are so inconsistent that they eat one another up like the far-famed Kilkenny cats—in short, to quote the words of one of their parliamentary leaders, lately used in the preface to his “Mysterious Medleys,” they are

“As one in whom two natures keep contending,
Neither of which has yet come uppermost.”

Notwithstanding the opinion now pretty generally received that Mr. Coningsby was *vox et preterea nihil*,* the young premier gave very excellent dinners. His cook was French, and it was supposed that his *mushroom sauce* was rarely equalled.

“This Hock,” said Lord Gymnastic Customs, “is capital; it reminds me of the noble game of Hockey.”

“It is *chateau Lafitte*,” said Moses approvingly.

* A key to Coningsby has been published, but it is evidently a mere catch-penny, or rather catch-shilling affair, from which nothing is to be learnt by the uninitiated.

"I prefer Bordeaux," said a descendant of the ancient priests of Apollo.*

"Ah!" said Botherwhack, "you are thinking of the Duke of Bordeaux whom you recently immortalized in one of your poems."

"Talking of your poems," said Ben Sidonia, "what an excellent idea it was of you and Lord Gymnastic to make a cross dedication of your works to one another!"

"Tit for tat," said Botherwhack.

"Reciprocity system," said Mr. Despair.

"I say, Sidonia," said the Marquis of Wilton, "what is to be the established religion of the country when we have overturned the present dynasty?"

"Whatever you please, my dear Marquis, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"But we *must* have *faith*," said the fanciful historian, "you know you said so in your manifesto."

* See Sir Bulwer Lytton's "ZANONI" in which the derivation of the name of a very considerable section of the English population is ingeniously traced to the source above-mentioned

“What did I *not* say in it?” replied the leader of Young England.

“The people must have a religion?”

“Yes,” said Sidonia.

“I vote for something mystic,” said Coningsby, “could we not get up the old Egyptian worship again—Iris and Osiris, Orphean incomprehensibilities, and all that sort of fun—I should not mind turning Hierophant myself.”

“No, no, let us proclaim the Koran,” said Lord Gymnastic Customs, “make me president of the dancing dervishes!”

“D——n the Koran!” said Botherwhack. “Give me Confucius!”

“Yes,” muttered Mr. Despair, “for a man with such infernally confused ideas, his doctrines—whatever they may be—could not fail to be appropriate.”

“Well,” said Sidonia, magnanimously, “I know it is no use trying to revive Judaism, so I propose to send an Ambassador to the Pope.”

“What? the whore of Babylon!” exclaimed Lord Wilton.

“ Yes,” replied Bengimagne, with his habitual brevity and unruffled calmness.

“ Pusey must be made arch-bishop of Canterbury, as soon as the see is vacant,” said Lord Gymnastic.

“ There will be faith then—for the people !” said the “ thunder and lightning creature with a dash of the earthquake in him,” as an Edinburgh reviewer facetiously denominates the mighty regenerator.

“ Were you at the Duke of Bordeaux’s levée yesterday ?” enquired Jones.

“ Yes,” replied Customs, “ it was pretty thickly attended ; I think, when the present king has made his exit, that there will be a chance of creating a diversion in his favor.”

“ We should be more likely to succeed by taking up young Napoleon,” said Sidonia.

“ By the way,” said Wilton, “ have you heard of the mad goings on of Sir Clarence Guilford ; they say he has turned his splendid

park into allotments, and let them at nominal rents to the labourers !”*

“ He sets up for a patriot, I suppose,” said Sidonia.

“ Yes, a disinterested patriot,” said Mr. Botherwhack.

“ Only wait till I am—I mean till the country is regenerated, and we will soon get rid of such fellows ! I can’t bear men who carry expensive principles into practice.”

“ What are we to do with Ireland ?” said Lord Customs.

“ Do with it ?—let it alone to be sure.”

“ They are more clamorous for Repeal than ever.”

“ Well, let them have it—if we don’t, they will take it sooner or later, without asking our permission—we had better make friends with King Dan, or an Irish insurrection may swamp our—projects for the good of the nation.”

“ Your health, Sidonia,” said the Marquis ;

* I fear that nothing less than following my hero’s example could save Lord Radnor, that rival of the notorious Newcastle, from the odium he has recently incurred in the allotment business.

and to the astonishment of his companions he swallowed a green claret glass, as a postscript to its contents.

“ More wine there, ho !”

“ *Vive le roi !*”

“ Hush !” said Sidonia, “ the hour has not yet struck !”

CHAPTER II.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF YOUNG
ENGLAND.

“WHO is the best politician?” said one of Sidonia’s guests.

“He,” replied Botherwhack, “who can reconcile his conscience to the principles of his party.”

“He,” said Lord Wilton, “who knows how to delude his opponents, and to gain the confidence of his friends.”

“He,” said Mr. Despair, “who can benefit his country, without injuring himself.”

“He,” said Lord L——, “who can do

good to himself, without doing harm to his country."

"He," said Lord Gymnastic Customs, "who has tact enough to jump over the heads of those before him."

"He," said Mr. Jones, the historic poet, "who without knowing his own mind, can form the opinions of others."

"The man," said Ben Sidonia, "who invariably forwards his own interest, whilst ever seeming to serve that of his country."

CHAPTER III.

EMPEROR BEN.

WHEN the Scotchman complained of the difficulty of spelling with a bad pen, he was by no means so unreasonable as at first sight may appear. A pen that splutters, or will not mark, is apt to induce a stoppage in the middle of a word, and stoppages in the middle of words tend to produce mis-spelling. It is difficult to write very consistently of very inconsistent characters; they have as many phases as the moon, and to determine their precise color, is more difficult than to decide upon the hues of a chameleon, even supposing it to be

that identical animal which gave rise to so eloquent a discussion, in the famous German tale of the three travellers.

In becoming the historian of 'Young England,' I have endeavoured in general to let their actions speak for themselves, without entering into profound discussions as to the motives leading thereto. For I am persuaded that in most cases the number of immediate causes and incentives, combined to produce a single effect, are so numerous, that any attempt to classify and enumerate them, must in reality prove a failure, however plausible the chart of motivity may be made to appear by 'eliminating,'* a few of the most obtrusive levers, and springs, and exhibiting them in their nakedness, as the propulsive power of the fact or facts in question.

It was the anniversary of the evening on which the Hebrew emancipation bill had been

* See the Hon. G. S. Smythe's 'Historic Fancies.'

carried. The sons of Judah exchanged triumphant glances as they took their seats in the House of Lords. Their looks seemed to say "where were we this day year?—and where are we *now*?"

"Hi! hi!" chuckled an Israelite peer, "the last time I vash a Lord, it vash not in parliament!"

"How so?" inquired a brother baron.

"Vy, I vash *outlawed*!—hi! hi!" and the Arab grinned at his own bad jest, like a laughing hyæna, or an Astley's clown in the circus.

"We have reformed our *characters*, and got rid of our *bad names*," said another Jewish punster, who had formerly been called Airon, but now rejoiced in the title of Baron Blow-away.

"Yes," said the Tailor Lord from the Minories, "we have improved the *law* amazingly, I wish to Eblis we could do the same with the *profits*!"

Meanwhile the members of the opposition sat stern and silent. Sadly their leaders counted their diminished band. Russell, and Palmerston, and Duncombe were seated together—

‘ To make a new Thermopylæ,’

Their nerves were braced for the combat, but vainly did these veteran heroes steel themselves to the struggle. Sidonia’s overwhelming majority *must* prevail—

‘ Numeris que fertur lege solutus,’

Like Pindar’s dythyrambic odes.

“ Can you spell threadbare with two letters ?” said the Marquis of Wilton, to his friend Botherwhack, glancing at the thinly tenanted benches on the opposite side of the house.

“ No,” said Botherwhack, much surprised at the young Lord’s levity, considering how important a part in the evening’s performance had been assigned to him.

“ C D, of course—and seedy enough they

are, by Jove !" replied the young lordly conjuror.

He looked at his watch ; it was nearly ten o'clock.

" Now for the speech !" said Botherwhack.

" Mind you prompt well, if I break down at all," whispered the Marquis smiling, as he rose to address the House.

" Cut away old fellow !" replied Botherwhack in a tone equally inaudible to all but the individual for whose ear it was intended.

" Peers of England !" began the Marquis.

" And pillars of the State," prompted Botherwhack.

" And pillars of the State," continued Wilton, who was rather drunk, " to you Duke—no, the Marquis of Wilton will unfold his grief. I am, (hiccup) no orator as Brutus—I mean Tom Duncombe—is. True it is pity, pity—'tis, 'tis true—hem—there's something rotten in the state of Denmark—isn't there Botherwhack ?"

“Rather!” replied Botherwhack, with a nod of peculiar sagacity, being, if anything, more drunk than the Marquis.

“Yes, *rather*, as you very justly observe,” resumed his lordship, “now then, mark me!”

“We will,” shouted the opposition, whilst Sidonia and other non-inebriated members of the new generation strove vainly to frown the youthful speech-maker into silence.

“Now you see,” proceeded Wilton, “is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York—Shrewsbury, I mean. My voice is still for war, but whatever you make up your minds to do, remember, if ’tis well done, ’twere well ’twere done quickly.”

“Hear! hear!”

“The very head and front of my offending hath this extent no more.”

So saying, the Marquis abruptly seated himself, put his hat on, slouched it over his eyes, and fell asleep in the fractional part of a jiffey, greatly to the relief of his party, with the ex-

ception of one or two, who happened to have read Shakespeare, and were therefore already acquainted with the materials of which his speech was composed.

Botherwhack was about to rise, and had already commenced with the remark that, "Great men were living before Agamemnon," when Lord Customs energetically pulled him down by the coat-tails, and kept him in play, until Coningsby had got fairly started, after which Mr. Botherwhack resigned himself to his fate, and proceeded to amuse his *otium cum dignitate* by taking sundry notes in a very corpulent pocket-book, not referring to anything in particular that was said, but rather resembling a very profound statistical calculation from their utter confusion and incomprehensibility.

"Why, Guilford," said Lord John Russell, "I thought you never meant to enter the House again?"

“Nor have I entered *the* House,” replied Sir Clarence, “but I should not have availed myself of this prevarication, had I not received an anonymous letter this evening, informing me that—” Guilford whispered something in the ear of Lord John, which caused the latter to start and exclaim—

“Impossible!” anonymous letters are never worthy of notice.”

“Not when they relate to private character, but when they treat of public affairs, and that in the most urgent and serious style, I think it is imprudent altogether to despise them. An anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle once saved the Houses of Parliament from scaling the clouds on the back of a fiery dragon.”

“Very true, but when did you get this strange epistle?”

“Scarcely an hour ago; I drove up directly after receiving it.”

“Well, we shall soon see what reliance is to be placed upon it,” said the noble lord.

Mr. Coningsby was on his legs, he poured forth a torrent of impetuous eloquence, full of bold assertions, and hazardous maxims, with here and there some lively paradox, flashing meteor-like through the rigmarole of his arguments, until Botherwhack began to doubt whether he stood upon his head or his heels, and Wilton, suddenly waking up, and fancying himself at the theatre, exclaimed loudly, "*Encore ! da capo !* go it again !" &c. which vivacious commentaries considerably disturbed Ben Sidonia's equanimity, and caused him to mutter something very much resembling an imprecation upon the lordly conjuror.

Mr. Coningsby proceeded, he reminded them that Kings were made for the people, and not people for their Kings ; that the people had an unquestionable right to choose their rulers ; he enlarged on the absurdity of imagining that the descendants of an usurper had a better right to their conquests than the usurper him-

self. He described the beautiful simplicity of life, and the happiness of certain savage nations whose chiefs were selected on account of their superior wisdom and virtue alone, independent of the adventitious circumstance of hereditary rank. England was in a state of turmoil and agitation, what was the cause? The Sovereign was a mere puppet, a Venetian Doge, in fact. Why should not they, the assembled representatives of the nation, exercise the right divine—the power which they undoubtedly possessed, and choose a monarch for themselves. He would propose to them a man eminent for his talents, his patriotism, and his countless virtues, a man of pure Caucasian race, a man who could write novels, and make speeches, a patron of the arts, a first rate dandy, in short the heroic Ben Sidonia, their immaculate leader?

Shouts of applause rent the well ventilated air.

“ Long live the great Sidonia !”

“ Vivat, Emperor Ben !”

Then, like Mark Anthony, did the young minister advance, and proffer a crown of frosted silver, adorned with the most exquisite workmanship, to the ambitious Arab.

“ No, thank you,” said the Cæsar of his age,
“ I really cannot—really—”

The opposition cheered vociferously.

Again did Coningsby present the tempting diadem.

Again did Sidonia shake his head with heroic self-denial.

“ Take it! take it!” shouted his party.

“ Long live the Emperor!” re-echoed in thunder through the house, almost drowning the tremendous cheering of the opposition.

Sidonia *took* the crown, he placed it on his head, (it fitted admirably — he had been measured for it,) he arranged his black ringlets to the best advantage; to give the devil his due, he did not look so bad. His eyes flashed

with triumphant delight, but the lower muscles of his face remained fixed in their accustomed gravity.

The opposition hissed and hooted with deafening violence; the Mosaic party scarified their larynxes by the enthusiasm of their cheers and shouts of triumph.

For an hour and three quarters, not to mention some odd minutes, the opposition continued to groan, and the Sidonians to cheer with unabated energy. Another half-hour was occupied by both sides in recovering their breath, and such of their comrades as had fainted. A few whom the violent nature of their exertions had thrown into fits, were obliged to be carried out of the house, whilst two unfortunate gentlemen went raving mad, and were by Mr. Wakley's orders confined in straight waistcoats, and sent home in cabs, with the doors and windows nailed up to prevent their escape.

Quiet being restored, they had another

edition of groans and cheering, which lasted for full an hour, by Mr. Sidonia's—I beg his pardon—the Emperor's watch, which may be considered as tantamount to a certain Shrewsbury chronometer mentioned by Shakespeare.

CHAPTER IV.

TURMOIL.

“AND is it come to this?” shouted Sir Clarence Guilford, who having neither cheered nor groaned, was alone capable of speech amid the general exhaustion of the distracted senate; “is right, and law, and justice all to sink before brute power, and force? Away with the traitors who have conspired against our freedom! A curse upon the enemies of our lawful sovereign! away with Jewish ascendancy and Hebrew misrule!”

The opposition cheered, the Hebrews yelled.

Sir Clarence did not attempt to reason with

the infatuated assembly, he felt it would be vain. He sank back on his seat, and awaited the next demonstration of the Sidonians.

Lord Gymnastic Customs arose; he said—
“that a new day was about to dawn upon merry England—under the wise and enlightened rule of the godlike Sidonia, whom he did not hesitate to term the Solomon of his age—”

“Yes, he is a *solemn 'un*, and no mistake!” interrupted the ever facetious Colonel Slipslop.

“Under the rule of the imperial Ben,” continued the hopeful offspring of Furrowland, “the nobles would regain their ancient rights.”

“And the young Arabian barons *dispense* with *their* ancient rites, I suppose,” said Mr. T. Duncombe sarcastically.

“The nobles,” continued Lord Customs, “would regain their ancient rights, the peasantry become as lively as crickets—the mechanics try galvanic experiments, read ‘Chambers’ Information for the People,’ and dance

the polka every evening to the tunes of pipes and sackbuts."

"What are pipes and sackbuts?" enquired an ignoramus gruffly.

"Pipes of port, and butts of Canary," replied his lordship with an air of triumph—a new era—

Here, Mr. Hume, interrupted the speaker, by enquiring whether the crown, Mr. Coningsby had placed upon the head of Ben Sidonia, was real silver, or only plated. Because it was well known that plated goods were so well got up now-a-days that it was impossible to distinguish the difference between them and the genuine article, without applying the chemical test; and on the score of economy—

Before however the honorable member could get any further, the Marquis of Wilton exclaimed, that whether the crown was plated, or not, did not much matter, since it was pretty evident that he (Mr. Hume) and the other gen-

tlemen on that side of the House were most unequivocally *dished!*"

Immense cheering from the ministerial benches.

Lord Customs coincided with his noble friend, and rejoiced in the reflection that their opponents were checkmated, run down, done up, and in fact, fairly bowled out!—he hoped and trusted that they would not get another innings in a hurry!

Moses of the Minorities observed with gracefully—professional figurativeness, that the powerful and enlightened party to which he had tacked himself, had risen to the lofty pegs they at present occupied by *sheer* industry, they had *basted* their enemies so long that at length they had happily succeeded in *cutting them out*, and had in fact, to all intents and purposes, most effectually *nonsuited* them! For his part he might say, without being accused of vanity, that he was at all times ready to give them a *dressing* when they required it. He

had *taken the measures* of the gentlemen opposite—

This last metaphor of the Mosaic snip, was indignantly received by the opposition with cries of “Never ! lying scoundrel !” &c.

Colonel Slipslop affirmed with an oath that he had never given the honorable member opposite an order in his life.

Baron Moses begged to call him to order on the spot.

Great laughter.

Mr. Coningsby said something about making a handsome provision for the Ex-Queen, treating her with all possible respect and deference, and so on.

“Thus,” said Guilford bitterly, “when some vile pickpocket has stolen your bandana, he leaves his own foul handkerchief as a substitute. Thus, when a wretched gambler has staked his last *rouleau*, the generous *croupier* informs him that ‘pistols and poison are at his service in the anti-room.’ A fraudulent banker

fails, and offers to his deluded, perhaps ruined creditor, a shilling in the pound. A cowardly coxcomb, maligns and insults you, and offers—an apology. And thus you deprive a sovereign of the loftiest throne in Europe, and proffer a—*provision!*

“Can you doubt that your offer will be rejected with ineffable scorn and contempt? Is it likely that she, whose rule extended over a fourth part of the civilized globe, on whose signature the welfare of millions has depended, will condescend to become the pensioner of an upstart usurper. Our Queen will not lack an asylum, nor friends to uphold her cause. You—you, Sidonia, and your partizans are rebels and traitors. Here, in our fallen and degraded senate, I denounce you! I proclaim war against you, as the underminers, and inveterate foes of English liberties!”

The uproar became tremendous, and to the groans within the House, was added a momentarily increasing clamour from without.

“ Silence !” thundered Sir Clarence, and his voice was heard even above the savage groans of the ministerialists. He drew a pistol from his bosom, and pointed it at the newly elected Emperor. The noise within the House instantaneously ceased. Aghast with horror, Sidonia and his confederates, stood pale and irresolute in their places.

“ For God’s sake, Guilford, do not fire !” whispered Lord John Russell, “ or not one of us may leave this house alive.”

“ Trust to my prudence,” whispered Sir Clarence rapidly in return, then he continued aloud—

“ I have but a few words to say, but those words you *shall* hear, or your leader’s life shall pay the forfeit. You are effecting a revolution, and the people, dazzled for the moment by your tinsel pretensions, apparently favour your attempt, but it is a revolution of all revolutions the most contemptible. It is no grand effort of a persecuted people, to restore themselves to

the liberties they have for centuries been deprived of, like that, which, even within the recollection of many present, convulsed our sister country France, and our American colonies; it is no great religious movement, in which enthusiasm may, to some extent, supply the place of principle; it is no sublime, philosophic scheme, for the benefit of our race, and the propagation of universal happiness and welfare. No! it is the attempt of a party, indifferent, perhaps even hostile, to the well-being of a country, to establish themselves in power—power absolute and despotic, of all ideas the most detestable to a freeborn man. But it cannot be, you lack a distinct moral and political code, and your success, like that of the ambitious, and unprincipled Napoleon, can be but ephemeral. Like the Corsican, you too will fall!”

“There is little credit due to a prophet, when he holds the means of fulfilling his prophecy in his own hand,” said Sidonia with forced

calmness. His adherents were of course highly edified by the heroic fortitude he displayed.

“ I shall be blamed, no doubt, Mr. Sidonia,” replied Guilford with equal self-possession, “ for not at once crushing the head of your rebellion; but indeed I am not very ambitious to usurp the office of the sheriff and the hangman. This revolution cannot succeed, it is based upon no principle, and its hollowness must soon become palpable, even to the vulgar.”

“ Rome became an empire from a republic,” said Sidonia.

“ Rome became a republic from a monarchy,” retorted Guilford, “ that is the course laid down by precedent, and experience. Your reign will be a short one. I have made it my destiny to crush your power !”

“ Guilford !” said Lord Harrowdrake, coming hastily up to our hero, “ Coningsby is haranguing the populace without; there are not very many people there yet, but they are

increasing every instant. I shouted, Sidonia for ever! and they allowed me to pass. By following the same plan we may yet escape; I told your tiger, who is waiting there with your cab, to say that it belonged to Lord Customs, if anybody asked him. Come along—quick! It would be no joke I assure you to be torn to pieces, limb from limb, by the rabble!”

At this moment a file of policemen suddenly entered the House.

“Seize that man!” shouted Ben Sidonia, pointing to Guilford.

Sir Clarence sprang forwards, “The first man,” he exclaimed, “who attempts to oppose my passage, dies!” He rushed towards the door, a policeman made a grasp at his collar; with a blow of his clenched fist, he felled the myrmidon of tyranny to the ground, and followed by Lord Harrowdrake, charged pistol in hand to the door. They gained the street pursued by the police.

“Sidonia for ever!” shouted Harrowdrake.

“ Stop them—stop them !” cried the pursuers.

“ The police are assassinating Sidonia in the House, and we are going for assistance !” cried Harrowdrake.

The tide turned, the police had to explain ; a moment or two was gained, Harrowdrake was already seated in the cab, Guilford sprang in after him.

“ Lash on !” whispered Sir Clarence, and the strong, and spirited horse bounded forwards.

Guilford stood up in the cab ; a pistol in either hand, he threatened all with death who attempted to retard their progress. The mob gave way, Lord Harrowdrake lashed right and left with incredible energy.

“ Kick !” cried Guilford to his tiger as their pursuers strove to lay hold of the back of the vehicle, and the tiger dashed the heel of his top-boot in the face of the foremost policeman.

“ Bravo !” shouted Sir Clarence, “ kick

again!—that's right—drive on Harrowdrake! —now—quick!—turn down that narrow side street—once clear of them, I'll back Roland against the field.—On, on!—kick! lash!—if you touch my horse, you blackguard, I will shoot you dead on the spot!”

Coningsby was haranguing the people from the door-steps of the Parliament House. He recognised Guilford as he stood up in his cab, by the light of a gas-lamp.

“It is Sir Clarence Guilford!” he shouted, and a ferocious yell expressed the feelings of the infuriate multitude.

Bang!

Sir Clarence had fired one of his pistols in the air.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE.

“ I hope you have killed nobody,” said Lord Harrowdrake, dashing down the side street indicated by Sir Clarence.

“ No,” replied our hero, “ I have only frightened them a little. We have now a clear road before us—push on !”

They distanced their pursuers---they had reached Oxford Street.

“ Make for the country !” said Guilford, “ thank heaven, we are safe !”

“ I have a villa at Shepherd’s Bush,” said Lord Harrowdrake.

“The very thing,” replied Sir Clarence, “but what is this?—the road is blocked up—”

“Mending the pavement!” said Lord Harrowdrake, “what is to be done?”

“Leave the cab, and escape on foot,” said Guilford.

The two fugitives sprang out of the cabriolet.

“Drive as hard as you can in the opposite direction,” said Sir Clarence to his servant.

“If they overtake you, they are not likely to hurt you; put them on a false scent, and then make for home. I shall not return to-night. If any false reports get afloat about us, send down to my cousin, Lady Maddens, to inform her of the true state of the case.”

The cab rattled away.

“Suppose we get a cup of *café à la Française*, at yonder pastry-cook’s,” said Lord Harrowdrake, “she understands how to make Mocha worth drinking—a rare art in this unculinary country.”

“Agreed,” said Clarence, and in another minute they were seated in the little parlour behind the shop already known to the reader, through the medium of Omnibus Wiggleton’s love adventures.

The fair widow supplied them each with a porcelain cup of pearly whiteness, with which the dark, fragrantly steaming essence of the Turkish berry delightfully contrasted.

“I’m monstrously hungry,” said the peer, sopping a bun in his coffee, “I had an early dinner, and the excitement has increased my appetite—a few rusks, if you please, and a glass of cherry brandy.”

“I think we are pretty safe here,” said Guilford, “they cannot possibly have seen us enter.”

“No,” rejoined Harrowdrake, “we are all right—this cherry-brandy is very good in its way—by the by, how odd it seems that we should be eating and drinking so quietly, whilst a regal dynasty is being overturned!”

“ They might overturn fifty dynasties for what I cared,” replied Sir Clarence, “ provided I thought that they benefitted the people by their proceedings ; but these Sidonians are an ambitious, unregulated, head-strong set—”

“ Hollo !” interrupted Harrowdrake, “ what the devil is the meaning of this ? we are discovered—is there no back way of escape ?”

A body of police, acting on the information they had obtained from a cabman, suddenly entered the shop, and after a severe struggle succeeded in overpowering the two senators, and forcing them into a cab.

“ Twenty to two was fearful odds,” said Harrowdrake.

“ Remember,” said Guilford to one of the policemen, “ that you are rendering yourself liable to an action for assault, and also for false imprisonment.”

“ You’ll not find that ere gammon take, sir,” said the policeman, “ times are altered, we shall have a clean sweep of all them rumbustious perceedings afore long.”

At length the cab drew up at the door of an old-fashioned house in a narrow, ill-paved street, and the two prisoners were commanded to descend. They shouted for assistance, but in vain; they were forced into the house, and compelled to climb three flights of stairs. On reaching the third landing, a door was opened, they were thrust into a dark, close room, and immediately heard several keys turned in the door from without.

“ I wonder if they mean to murder us,” said Lord Harrowdrake.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXTEMPORE IMPRISONMENT.

“WHO is there?” said a loud, fierce voice, and the tall figure of a man starting up, stood in strong relief against the window.

“Two injured individuals,” replied Lord Harrowdrake, “who have been brought hither very much against their inclination.”

“Good heavens! that voice!” exclaimed the first speaker, “it sounds like Harrowdrake’s, and yet it cannot be—”

“He it is, nevertheless, and if thy vocal enunciation does not marvellously mislead me, thy name is Wiggleton.”

“ You have hit it,” replied Omnibus, for he indeed it was, “ give me your paw, old boy, and tell me what ill wind has blown you hither?”

“ All in good time,” said the peer, “ but before I enter into the particulars, allow me to introduce to you a particular friend of mine—one Sir Clarence Guilford !”

“ Guilford ? — what is he too here ?” exclaimed Omnibus.

“ Yes,” replied Clarence, grasping his cousin’s hand, “ I too am the *pro tempore* victim of these rascals — but they shall pay dearly for their violence !”

“ They deserve to swallow their own speeches without any salt,” said Lord Harrowdrake maliciously.

“ The only question now,” said Omnibus, “ is how to get out of this infernal place as quickly as possible ; by the way, before we make the attempt, we may as well tell one another how we came here, and as I was the

prior tenant of this agreeable apartment, I will be the first to narrate the story of my kidnapment with all becoming brevity. You must know that I was seated in my newly acquired drawing-room in Grosvenor Street, at about five o'clock this afternoon, writing some letters to a few of my Parisian friends, when a gentleman, with a very queer name, which I cannot for the life of me remember, called to see me, as he told my servant, upon very particular business. 'Shew him up,' said I. And up he came. He turned out to be an Arab, sent over here by the worshipful Abd el Kader on a secret mission, and was proceeding to explain to me, that, in return for certain services requiring more address than exertion to be performed by me, he was authorised by the said Abd el Kader to return me the legacy left by my father, together with some very handsome presents, naturally supposing that as Mr. Wiggleton, senior, had en-

tertained such friendly sentiments towards the Arab chieftain, Wig, junior, was not likely to entertain views particularly inimical to his interests. I was proceeding to express my willingness to enter into the proposed arrangements, when, without any previous notice, a body of half a dozen men rushed into the room, and seized without ceremony upon the Arab emissary and poor me. At first I struggled, and kicked the shins of our aggressors, but being overpowered by numbers, gagged and handcuffed, I was tossed into a cart ; people passing taking me no doubt for a refractory lunatic, and here I am, not sorry, I assure you, to find myself so unexpectedly in such excellent company."

"What became of the Arab?" inquired Guilford.

"I have no idea. Since we were parted at the door of my sitting-room I have not seen him. But now for your adventures, brother, or rather cousin in misfortune?"

Guilford briefly narrated the events preceding their capture, and then began, by the pale light of the moon, which now shone through the securely barred window, to examine the apartment in which they were confined.

The door naturally first attracted his attention. The window looked out upon a back court, so that all hope of obtaining assistance from without, was annihilated. As far as Guilford and his companions could ascertain, the only furniture in the room consisted of three large sacks of straw in as many corners thereof.

“What is to be done?” said Harrowdrake dismally.

“I think we had better lie down and wait for the morning,” said Sir Clarence, “we shall be better able to see what sort of locality we are in. Besides, I cannot believe that any serious harm, or even prolonged detention is in store for us. They cannot dare—”

“ I don’t know,” said Wiggleton, “ you are Ben Sidonia’s most dangerous political enemy, and he does not stick at trifles.”

“ His imperial majesty may cut our heads off,” said Lord Harrowdrake, “ and who is to be the wiser? The more I consider the advantages he would gain by so doing, the more probable it appears to me.”

“ Pooh !” said Guilford, “ the time for such things is past — we live in a civilized country.”

“ What will become of the trial by jury under the new *regime*?” said Omnibus.

“ The trial *Jewry* will be substituted,” said Sir Clarence.

“ We will be most horribly revenged if ever we escape,” said the peer.

“ *If!*” said Sir Clarence, “ we *must* and *will* escape ; and as for revenge, I have sworn to crush Sidonia and his party : nor will this imprisonment have any effect upon my determination.”

So saying, our hero stretched himself upon one of the straw sacks, and his example was speedily followed by his fellow-prisoners. It was some hours past midnight, and many minutes did not elapse before the regular breathing of his companions assured Sir Clarence of their obliviousness. For himself he could not sleep, he felt irritated and restless, and fell into long trains of strange and abstruse reasonings; reminiscences of past years rose up in life-like vividness before his imagination, and he turned from side to side on his uncouth couch with increasing restlessness.

As Guilford thus reclined and passed in review before his mind, the varied scenes of his youth, and the struggles of his later years, a feeling nearly allied to despondency took possession of his soul; the futility of all human aspirations, and the insignificance of the objects for which the herd so eagerly contend and slave, appeared to him facts so obvious as to

become absolutely ridiculous. He fell into a profound vein of philosophic meditation, and at length arrived at the only conclusion a really wise man can ever come to, viz : that true happiness is to be sought, not from without, but from within; not in the fast fading enjoyments of the senses, not in the good opinion of the world, not in the delusions of wealth and luxury, not in the delirium of ambitious triumph—but in the treasures of the mind, imagination, learning, and above all the consciousness of acting justly, honorably, and charitably.

“ After all,” thought Clarence, “ selfishness is and must remain the fountain-head of all philosophy. A wise man values the approbation of his own conscience far above every other reward ; without that approbation, it is impossible for him to make any approach to happiness, and the only difference between one man and another is, that the demands of each upon his conscience somewhat vary, both as to quantity and quality. Mine is a conscience

of Caoutchouc, for Allah ! the more I feed it the more it seems to crave. Why should I give myself the trouble of saving my country ? — Simply, because my ravenous conscience would give me no rest, were I to neglect to do so !”

These reflections may not perhaps appear to the reader so etherially subtle, so morally sublime as the usual run of monologues in English novels and romances ; nor were they perhaps half so refined and elegant as those which Sir Clarence himself was accustomed to introduce into his works. But when people think for their own peculiar amusement and satisfaction, they are not apt to seek for appropriate phrases, and words wherewith to round their periods, nor perhaps to concentrate their energies so closely upon the subject, as when speaking or writing for the benefit of others.

Sir Clarence, finding at length that he could not compose himself to sleep, arose and began

to pace to and fro, in the moonlight. It was extremely cold, and our hero, under these circumstances, considered it most advisable to put his hands in his pockets.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRE.

As Clarence paced up and down the dark and comfortless apartment described in the last chapter, absorbed in profound meditation on things relating to mankind in general, and himself in particular, he fancied that he observed a flash of light gleaming athwart the window. This was repeated two or three times before Guilford paid much attention to the circumstance. At length he approached the casement, and endeavoured to look out, in order to ascertain the cause of these pheno-

mena. This however, owing to the bars above mentioned, was quite impracticable. He threw up the sash to let in a little fresh air, and was much surprised to see several sparks enter into the room. They evidently came from below, and there was but one inference to be deduced from the circumstance.

“Holloa ! — Omnibus ! — Harrowdrake !” shouted Guilford, “wake up—the house is on fire !”

“What — what ?” exclaimed Wiggleton, springing to his feet in an instant, “what’s the row ?—anybody come to set us at liberty, or cut our throats for us ?”

“The house is on fire,” replied Guilford.

“The house on fire !” gasped Lord Harrowdrake, “d——n it ! they might as well have cut our heads off at once, instead of roasting us alive, in this peculiar, ill-furnished apartment.”

“Whether it is the effect of intention, or purely accidental,” said Sir Clarence, “does

not alter the position we are placed in a whit."

"The fact is," said Harrowdrake, "that unless we can get out of this infernal room, we have not the slightest chance of escaping a fiery martyrdom!"

"No," said Wiggleton, trying to assist Guilford in wrenching away one of the bars from before the window.

"Leave it to me for one moment," said Sir Clarence, and setting his foot firmly against the window-sill, the young baronet, by a single exertion of his immense muscular power, tore away the bar, and fell with it in his hand backwards upon the floor. A second effort removed another of the bars, but on looking out, the captives saw at a glance, that all escape in that direction was utterly and hopelessly impossible. The flames were bursting from the ground and first-floor windows with momentarily increasing fury, and the pallid

moonshine gave a ghastly aspect to the scene.

“ We must force the door,” said Guilford with an air of desperate resolution.

“ But *how* ?” asked Harrowdrake shuddering.

“ Perhaps there is a poker in the fire-place,” suggested Wiggleton. Of course there was nothing of the kind to be found.

“ It *must* be done,” said Guilford, drawing back to the side of the room immediately opposite to the door.

“ But *how* ?” repeated Harrowdrake and Omnibus Wiggleton anxiously.

Guilford’s only reply was a tremendous rush at the door, which apparently failed in producing even the slightest effect.

Lord Harrowdrake, who was somewhat stout and of a broad, powerful build, followed the young baronet’s example, and was instantly imitated by our friend Omnibus, who more-

over gave one of the panels a tremendous kick by way of supplement.

“It is useless,” said Guilford, “to attempt to dislodge one of the panels, as independent of their evident strength I have felt them, and ascertained that they are too small to allow of our passing through. But the hinges are on the right side of the door, and as it is absurd to suppose that the locks will give way—it is against them that our efforts must be chiefly directed!”

So saying, Sir Clarence again threw himself with his whole weight and energy against the door.

“It cracked!” he exclaimed, “now stand back!” and again with desperate force he dashed himself against the oaken portal.

“The flames have caught the second floor!” exclaimed Omnibus looking from the window.

“Then it is now or never with us!” cried Guilford, and with frantic violence all three

prisoners rushed against the door. The hinges gave way—one more effort, and they stood upon the open landing. From this they instantly descended to the landing of the second floor. To progress any further was absolutely impossible, the flames had already half consumed the staircase, and scorched them as they passed.

Guilford rushed to the door, which from its position he concluded must lead to a room facing the street. It was locked on the inside. He knocked violently, and the voice of an old man was heard in drowsy and terrified reply.

“Open the door!” shouted Clarence.

“What is the matter?” said the voice, in accents tremulous with fear.

“Open!” thundered Clarence, “the house is on fire!”

“O dear me! what will become of me?” said the old man, “who are you? I have

nothing to steal, I am only a very poor old man."

"Infernal old miser!" growled Harrow-drake, and they proceeded to break open this second door in the same manner as that above stairs. The flames meantime were rapidly gaining ground, and the tail of Omnibus's coat actually caught fire whilst they were breaking open the door. However, by instantly crumpling it together in his hands, Guilford luckily succeeded in extinguishing it. Guilford instantly threw up the window on the other side of the apartment, and shouted for help to the few people collected as spectators of the fire, that most exciting of all gratuitous exhibitions to an English public. The spectators pitied them immensely, but did nothing to assist them.

"Bring a ladder!" shouted Guilford, and everybody waited for somebody else to fetch a ladder. Meanwhile the flames, attracted by the

draught in consequence of the open window, had already entered the very room they were standing in.

“ There is but one chance, or rather but one alternative for us,” said Guilford, “ we must either let ourselves drop from the window into the street, and run the risk of being dashed to pieces, or we must remain here and—”

“ Be burnt to death,” completed Harrowdrake, who even amid the horrors of his present position, could not refrain from the exertion of his peculiar faculty.

“ To break a leg or an arm, appears to me worse than death,” said Omnibus.

“ We can’t stop here and be grilled through !” said Harrowdrake.

“ Follow my example,” exclaimed Sir Clarence, “ and you may escape both the fates you mention.”

So saying, Guilford threw himself over the window-sill, and without a moment’s further

consideration, dropped in perfect safety upon his feet on the pavement.†

As the flames were becoming most unpleasantly familiar, Omnibus and Harrowdrake had no choice but to follow his example. The former managed to catch hold of the window-ledge of the first floor for an instant in passing, which in some measure broke the shock of his fall. As for Harrowdrake, he came down all of a heap on his face, and strange to say, beyond slightly bruising his forehead, entirely unhurt ; though of course extremely shaken by the concussion.

“ Now then, old gentleman !” cried Omnibus to the old man above mentioned, “ don’t be afraid, you won’t hurt yourself much, if you drop straight down—keep clear of the window-ledges with your feet —come along !”

† This fact, as well as those which immediately follow, are strictly true and of very recent occurrence.

But the old man could not muster courage to let go his hold. He now hung from the window-sill on the outside of the house, and shrieked with agony, as the flames scorched his shrivelled fingers. At the same time the fire, bursting out from the windows below, threatened to set his clothes on fire every instant.

“A blanket, quick!” cried Sir Clarence, “five guineas to the man who first brings me a blanket!”

But long before his request could be complied with, the old man, unable to endure the pain he suffered any longer, dropped, terribly burnt and completely exhausted, upon the pavement, and was carried away on a shutter to the nearest hospital, with a broken leg and arm, and several minor contusions. Indeed, had it not been for Guilford, he would inevitably have dashed his brains out. But the latter, by springing forward, interposed the calf of hi

leg between the head of the old man and the flag stones, thus giving him a chance of prolonging his existence, for which he could scarcely be expected to feel any extraordinary degree of gratitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

SNOOKS, THE PRIZE-FIGHTER,

A great crowd of people collected round the *ci-devant* prisoners, condoling with them on their misfortune in having been 'burnt out,' enquiring whether they were hurt by their fall, and pitying them to an immense extent, as is usual in such cases. At last, one man of lofty stature and remarkable stalwart proportions, pushed his way through the crowd, and at once offered Guilford and his companions a temporary asylum.

"I keep the 'Albert Arms' close by," added

he, "and you may as well stop there till the morning. It will be time enough to consider then what is to be done. As for saving anything out of the house, it is quite out of the question."

"Quite," said Harrowdrake, "so then it is no use our remaining here any longer."

"Well, it can't be helped you know," said the landlord of the 'Albert Arms,' "it is very provoking to lose one's property, and to have one's house burned down over one's head."

"Devilish lucky it happened!" muttered Wiggleton. Just then the engines arrived, but it may be readily conceived that our three 'burnt out' friends took but little interest in their proceedings.

"Lead on," said Guilford, "we follow, and on the score of remuneration, you need be under no apprehensions."

"I don't want any remuneration sir," said the man somewhat tartly, "I thought you

might have lost your all by the fire, and I offered you such assistance as I should have required myself in your position."

"We are indeed much obliged to you," said Guilford, "and I trust may soon find an opportunity of evincing our gratitude."

They had reached the public house, and on entering, were at first shewn into the tap-room, whilst beds were preparing; and that they stood in need of repose may be readily imagined.

"I feel the shock still, in every joint," said Omnibus.

"So do I," said Harrowdrake, "I can hardly persuade myself that I have broken no bones; indeed it will require a surgeon's evidence to convince me that no internal fractures have taken place."

"Dropping twenty feet upon a stone pavement," said Guilford "is rather a serious matter. However, as we have had the good fortune to escape alive, and comparatively unhurt,

I must propose, unless any of us are too unwell to-morrow morning to bear removal, that we start at an early hour for some place of security, where we may await, without danger of being discovered by the myrmidons of this infernal Sidonia, the progress of events, and as Adjutant Green* was wont to recommend, ‘act accordingly!’”

“You are right,” said Omnibus, “but where shall we go?”

“My villa at Shepherd’s Bush, will just be the thing,” said Harrowdrake, “I took it ready furnished, by way of a change during the season; and, as scarcely any one of my acquaintance knows of it, we may rest there in peace, until affairs take a more favourable turn.”

“Agreed,” said Guilford, “we will become ‘bush rangers’ for the present, and in the meantime organize plans, and open corres-

* See ‘My Aunt Pontypool’ by the Sainted Theodore, of fashionable and facetious memory.

pondences which may restore us to our old position, despite of Ben and all his bearded hosts !”

At this moment the landlord entered with some hot brandy-and-water, which proved extremely grateful to the feelings of the political fugitives.

“ Do you know gentlemen, it strikes me that for people so well togged, you inhabited rather a strange sort of house, and excuse my freedom, but it also struck me at the time, that your being dressed at all at such an hour of the night, was very odd and uncommon-like.”

“ And do you know Mr. Landlord,” said Guilford, “ that it also strikes *me* very forcibly, that we do not meet now for the first time, and that I have the pleasure of recognising in you my ancient corporeal pastor and master, instructor in the noble art of self-defence, in short, Mr. William Snooks—”

“ Vulgarly termed Bill Snooks the prize-fighter,” interrupted the landlord, “ how d——d

stupid of me not to know you before, Mr. Guilford."

"Sir Clarence Guilford, if you please."

"What, is old Sir Reginald gone then?"

"Yes," said Harrowdrake, "he is a lost mutton, to speak agriculturally, or rather pastorally. He has been in heaven for some months past."

"Poor old gentleman!" said the prize-fighter, "and his sons?"

"Gone by railroad to, it is to be hoped, a similar destination," answered the peer.

"Explanations to-morrow," said Wiggleton finishing his brandy-and-water, "and now to bed, great peer and baronet."

And to bed they went.

SIXTH BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

A DIGRESSION ON NOVELOLOGY.

RAIN in torrents! a 'north-easter' to match! pitch dark, and past midnight!

There is a picture! hit off by a few characteristic touches, as the artists say. *Entre nous* most sagacious of readers, your long descriptions are very great bores, and were it not that they make such excellent 'fill up,' might be very well dispensed with in novels. But unfortunately, there is a tribe in existence termed 'book-makers,' who instead of waiting until the

incarcerated ideas boil over of their own accord, keep 'pumping up' their genius so unremittingly, that at last, they are compelled to dilute the intellectual champagne of their souls with pretty copious additions of imaginary soda water, thus rendering the whole composition vastly insipid and unperusable.

The best plan, according to my view, is merely to sketch off a rapid outline, and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, or to use a domestic metaphor, to pass you the bottles, the hot water, and the sugar, and beg you will 'mix for yourself.' Who cares for accurate descriptions of locality or costume?—who appreciates them?—Nobody. And why?—Because they are the easiest, commonest, most uninteresting things in existence. A man has only to buy, or borrow, or, as a *pis aller*—steal a few old plates, shewing the fashions of the times he is writing of, and the work becomes merely mechanical. The same method is equally applicable to landscapes. It is sur-

prising what facilities these little tricks of the trade afford to your professional book-makers.

Many people imagine that to write a novel requires talent. This is a most egregious blunder. Novel-writing is an art, which like every other, may be acquired, although like drawing and music, the progress made, will, of course, entirely depend upon the abilities of the pupil.

Suppose now, my dear reader, that you are a young lady, fair and clever in your own opinion, and withal a little ambitious. You wish to distinguish yourself, and take it into your head to turn authoress, and indite a romance, but do not know exactly how to set about it. In this dilemma permit me to enlighten you a little as to the *principles of the art*.

In the first place you require a plot. You tax your invention, but in vain, nothing will occur to you, fancy is silent, and you almost conclude that you have mistaken your genius. Receive then the key to the difficulty.

The essence of ninety-nine plots out of a hundred is, the loves of two young people, who, during three volumes, encounter all sorts of difficulties, which they ultimately surmount, and in the last chapter are of course united. You have therefore, only to describe yourself, in the heroine, and the nicest young fellow of your acquaintance, or, if married, your husband as he was during his courtship, in the hero; and to throw a sufficient quantum of pecuniary difficulties, surly old fathers, family pride, slanderous rivals, &c., between the commencement and the catastrophe, and what with descriptions of plates as above mentioned, a burglary or assassination by the villain, of a middle-aged rival, a duel or two if necessary, (duels always tell), a few moral and philosophical reflections which you may crib fearlessly wherever you can lay your hands upon them, as two-thirds of your readers are sure to skip them, and quotations from English, French, and Italian poets, you will not find

any lack of matter. Puns and personalities too, if you can manage them, are advisable, and I need scarcely add that a *striking title* is a great advantage.

“ I fear this chapter will do mischief,” says a critical friend.

“ Possibly it may—I am in a mischievous humour.”

“ What a heap of MSS. I shall have to wade through next season !” grumbles a publisher.

CHAPTER II.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

I have no hesitation in saying that Westminster bridge, of all places in the world, is not precisely the most agreeable position to occupy in a storm such as I have hinted at; indeed, if there is any particular species of victimization for which I *have* an aversion, it is getting drenched to the skin upon a bridge after midnight.

Not so, however, thinks yon mysterious stranger, who stalks so grimly up and down the *trottoir*, him in the mackintosh I mean, with the collar stuck up about his ears, and the hat slouched over his eyes, so that his prominent nose alone remains visible to the eyes of the foot-passengers, few and far between, as they appear. He, with his hands immersed in his capacious pockets, whom you may see, "or if you don't," as Byron sung, "the fault's not mine," he cares not for north-east gales, tempestuously rough, nor rainy torrents, nor Cimmerian gloom. *Faith* in his mackintosh, and Indian-rubber clogs, impervious to the damp, sustains his mighty soul. And still he trudges up and down with unabated vigour.

But men do not frequent nocturnal bridges where storms are wildly raging, for no purpose. It is therefore, rationally to be presumed that this mysterious, peripatetic stranger had an appointment with somebody for the night in

question, and that Westminster Bridge was the spot selected for their meeting.

This fact established—

“ Stop !” cries a policeman of the B (or not to be) division, perhaps he contemplates *felo de se*, and has sought the bridge for the purpose of burying his sorrows in a watery grave.

Nonsense! who ever heard of a man committing suicide in a mackintosh and Indian-rubber clogs!

Thus having snubbed police-constable 36 of the B., we will return to our *maintenons*.

As we were saying, the fact of an appointment once established, the question naturally becomes, with whom?

Not with a young lady, for the stranger must have been as mad as a March hare, or a country magistrate, to expect that an amorous assignation would be kept on so uncomfortable a night. Perhaps, like Wordsworth, whom so many people talk of, and so very few peruse, he

liked the storm for its own sake, and indeed, notwithstanding his waterproof clothing, and the strange appearance of his hat, which for greater precaution against the wet, apparently consisted of at least a dozen *chapeaux*, put on one over the other, this theory is by no means to be hastily rejected; at any rate it may stand good until knocked down by a better. And list! as if to confirm our last conjecture, he hums a wild and mystic melody.

Conservatism's humbug,
And whiggery pollution,
No longer we will bear with
A Venetian constitution.
Up rise we brave Young Englandites
In waistcoats white as snow,
The folly of their rulers
To all the land we show.
We show how oft the bark of state
By ignorance was wrecked,
And—long live Ben Sidonia
The founder of our sect!

Give us our old nobility,
And feudal glories past,
Unbelieving politicians
Be from our senate cast!

Emancipate the Hebrews,
Conciliate the Pope,
Found mechanic institutions
And learn to trust in HOPE.
'Nunquam sera est ad honos,
Mores via,' we translate,
The way to good (Lord) Manners
Can never be too late !

A government paternal
Of all is far the best,
Despotism when enlightened
Bears the palm, must be confessed.
BENEFICENCE, BENEVOLENCE,
All BENEFITS shall flow,
And a Smythe shall forge the fetters,
Whilst the bellows muses blow !
Speeches, music, leap-frog, fireworks,
Cricket-matches we effect,
Then long live Ben Sidonia
The founder of our sect !

As the gentleman in the mackintosh concluded the above uncouth roundel, a man of equally uncouth exterior, suddenly appeared at his side, and coughed three times in a very marked and peculiar manner.

"Ha! Rustan, is it thou?" said the singer,
"what the devil makes you so much behind

your time?" This last query was not uttered with the vehemence usually applied to such expressions, but in a mild, unvarying tone, such as an ordinary individual would perhaps use when requesting a friend to pass the claret jug after dinner. But the stranger in the Indian-rubber clogs was *not* an ordinary individual—far from it!

"All is ready," said the new comer, who wore a tarpaulin hat, and an imitation bearskin coat. His whole *contour* was nautical in the extreme, and he was evidently chewing a quid of the anything but aromatic weed with considerable industry.

"I am to understand then," said the stranger, "that for the next three months you will, wind and weather permitting, be lying off Deal, prepared at an hour's notice to set sail for the continent?"

"Provided you tip as agreed," replied the sailor laconically.

"Of course!" said the stranger with equal

brevity ; and unbuttoning his mackintosh, he displayed a waistcoat of such dazzling whiteness, that it seemed to be formed of woven diamonds, or crystalline glass, and actually reflected from its buttons rays of light, which not a little startled the nautical gent, who had probably never even heard of a carbuncle in his life, unless it were upon the nose of some Bar-dolph of his acquaintance.

The stranger then drew from the pockets of his sable pantaloons a purse full of glittering gold, and placed it, with a significant glance from his large black eyes, in the hands of his companion.

The sailor grasped it eagerly, and having counted its contents, somewhat to the disgust of the donor, exclaimed energetically, "Always ready, come when you will, sir !"

"Good !" said the other, "and remember the sum will be *quadrupled* on our arrival in France. Good night !" and the stranger, like Hermes of the burning girdle, in "The last

days of Pompeii," buttoned up his waterproof coat, and departed in the direction of the abbey, with steps of momentarily increasing elasticity.

"Good!" said the sailor, following the form of the stranger with his eye, until it was lost in the surrounding gloom, "one hundred pounds in hand, and four in spec. Let me see—that in three months is two thousand a year! By the great Poseidon! this is better than smuggling, with the constant dread of those doubly damned excisemen before one's eyes!"

And Rustan departed rejoicing. Certes if there be any truth in the saying that "*exitium est avidis mare nautis!*" nothing but a miracle could avert shipwreck from the bark of Rustan, save and except an absolute predestination to perish in a manner infinitely more public and disagreeable.

CHAPTER III.

AN ALLEGORY.

“EXTRAORDINARY express from Morocco.” These words figured in large letters in all the morning papers, and the news was indeed extraordinary.

Lord L. N. Town, the Viceroy of Algiers, had declared himself independent of England, had had himself proclaimed king throughout the country, and set the newly established “African board of directors,” at defiance. I need scarcely remind the reader that Algeria

had at this period been for some months a recognised dependency of Great Britain, our fire-devouring neighbours having found themselves utterly unable to withstand the demolishing powers of the Warnerian missiles.

When the noble Lord L. N. Town was sent out as Viceroy to Algeria, he took great pains to ingratiate himself with the army ; and the natives, who pleased by his curling locks, ample whiskers, and gracious address, soon began almost to idolize him. On the other hand, he unequivocally snubbed the civil officers, who had mostly obtained their appointments through the patronage of the wealthy tradesmen composing the directory of the African board. On this account they determined to deprive him of his Viceroyship at the earliest convenient opportunity, and Lord L. N. Town having, during an incursion into Fez, recovered from the Moors a pair of ancient indescribables, held in great reverence by the natives on account of their having been worn,

according to their traditions, by the holy prophet Mahommed himself, or at any rate by one of his favorite wives, and having restored these superlatively sacred galligaskins to the Algerines, from whom they had been originally pilfered, with great pomp and ceremony, the African board set up a loud cry of dismay, and declared that his lordship's proceedings were very shocking, impolitic, and ridiculous. Then they dragged religion into the matter, and swore that it was unchristian, profane, heathenish and a great many things besides. Finally, they vowed that Lord L. N. Town should be Viceroy no longer, and although the government turned a deaf ear to their suggestions, the African board persisted in their determination, and accordingly recalled the Viceroy.

We all remember Owen Glendower's most veracious assertion that, "he could call spirits from the vasty deep." We also remember the puzzling query with which the fiery Hotspur

responded to his boasting, "*But will they come when you call them ?*"

Apply this quotation to Lord L. N. Town's case, and you will save me some trouble. He had the army and the native population in his favour, so he told the civilians to shoulder their carpet-bags, and return *sans ceremonie* to whence they came.

"And what shall we say to the board?" inquired the ex-scribblers, grinding their gums with fury.*

"Tell *your* directors to go to their own—the devil!" replied the Viceroy complacently.

* It is well known that they had gnashed away all their teeth long before Lord L. N. Town received his recall. TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

It may be readily imagined that the newly elected emperor and his ministers had enough most fully to occupy their attention at home, without commencing a civil war with a recently acquired colony. Lord L. N. Town, therefore, remained in peaceable possession of his kingdom, which he wisely resolved to share with the renowned Abd El Kader, (reserving for himself, however, the lion's share), convinced by Gallic precedent, that the bold Arab chief-

tain was far more desirable on a footing of neighbourly friendship and alliance, than of open and unremitting hostility.*

It would not do for Young England to give the country time for serious thought or reflection. It was absolutely necessary to keep up the excitement, and whilst the people were "in the humour," to make whatever arrangements of importance they were desirous of effecting. Indeed they were not idle, I can assure you, in their efforts most completely to

* Should the author of "Algeria—Past and Present" meet with these volumes, he will in all probability bite his nails with vexation at finding himself so completely distanced in historical research and erudition.

But when I tell you that I was in existence before the pyramids, which, as you are aware, were not built yesterday, you will cease to be surprised at my knowing more than most people.

Puns are expensive at times. The above cost your humble servant a trip to the Levant. However, if you are a cockney, substitute 'monument' for 'pyramids' and you may shine gratis at the next Lord Mayor's dinner you are invited to cram turtle at.

subvert the whole constitution of the empire. But my limits will not allow me to enter into the particulars of all their minute arrangements, alterations, and reforms. "The regularity of my design" confines me in a great measure to generalities, and the broader characteristics and phases of the revolution I am destined to record.

Many enlightened readers of the present age will express astonishment that a great nation should have exhibited such excessive gullibility, and allowed itself to be led astray by doctrines so outrageously unreasonable, and theories so vaguely inconsistent as those which the 'new generation' advanced. But history offers too many parallel instances to excite the wonder of any man in the habit of unprejudiced and philosophic consideration.

By the way I have frequently heard and read the celebrated proverb, '*nil admirari*,' very stupidly criticised, and abused by people, who had they reflected upon its proper signification,

would scarcely, I conceive, have done so. "The head and front of their offending" is that they translate *admirari* to be *admired*, whereas *wondered at* is evidently the legitimate construction. Now a philosopher is, or ought to be, *surprised* at nothing, but may nevertheless *admire* a great many things. Though certainly, as Burke very truly remarks, the same words are used to denote both feelings in Greek as well as in Latin. That, however, does not at all affect my position, for it is very clear that of two distinct significations the same word can never by any chance be applicable to *more than one at a time*.

The history of popular delusions is unquestionably a subject of the deepest interest, but it has been treated of too often, and too ably than that I should attempt, in the swiftly fleeting chapters of a work of this nature, to penetrate the mysteries, with which, as a science, it is enveloped. In order, however, to shew

more plainly that the success of Young England was by no means an anomaly, I will cite a few examples of extraordinary popular delusions which have occurred, and are still occurring, in my own time, and which are facts so generally known as to require no further substantiation.

1. It was supposed by Sir Robert Peel's adherents that he would act up to the promises he had given them.

2. It was supposed by the Anti-Corn-law-leaguers, that if our markets were thrown open to foreign corn, we should get rid of our manufactures in return, and undersell the natives abroad, who live in a country comparatively free from taxes.

3. It *was* supposed by the agricultural labourers that a man willing to do a good day's work had a right to sufficient food to satisfy the hunger of himself and family, (this absurd delusion is, thanks to the poor-law, now completely exploded.)

4. It was believed by the manufacturing population that their hours of labour were to be shortened, and they were silly enough to be much shocked at seeing the votes on the factory bill basely rescinded.

5. It was imagined that the House of Commons would not give itself the lie *twice* in the course of one session.*

6. Mr. Sidonia fancied that his brilliant sarcasm upon the same memorable occasion was not *quite* without effect upon the "Joseph Surface of his age."

7. People were foolish enough to think that the "county courts bill," (*cum multis aliis quæ nunc describere longum est*) was of more impor-

* It is my intention to have the names of the 'rescinders' engraved upon a table of brass, and hung up in my study. The perusal of those names on their congenial metal will serve far better than a skull or skeleton to remind me of the vanity of all things human, and after my decease, the brazen chronicle will serve to rescue from oblivion the names of those honorable members so generously open to conviction.

tance to the country at large than *qui tam* actions against gambling noblemen.

8. It was imagined by the Peelites, that a *soi disant* conservative party, stealing all their best measures from their political opponents, could manage to keep, for several years, the salary, patronage, and confidence of the nation.—&c. &c.

In matters of less importance to the public, the popular delusions become perfectly innumerable. We select a few at random.

A great many people thought Count Gatespeak the most finished gentleman of his age.

Equally as many thought the compensation to the *six clerks* a vastly absurd piece of extravagance on the part of the government.

Some opera going people consider Cerito superior to Carlotta Grisi—they cannot, however have seen “*La Esmeralda*.”

It was generally foretold that Punch would never survive a dozen numbers.

And to conclude with an egotism. Thousands will read these volumes, and mistake the good-tempered pleasantry therein contained for satire !

Sancta simplicitas !

CHAPTER V.

THE CONJUROR POPS.

“WHAT can have become of Sir Clarence?” said Atalanta to her mother, some days after the imperial election of Sidonia. “It is very strange that we should not have heard from him.”

“Strange indeed, my dear, and yet his servant seemed perfectly convinced, that he had escaped,” replied Lady Maddens, consolingly.

“But they may have seized him since!” said Atalanta.

“ Let us hope that it is not so.”

“ But if it *be* the case,” rejoined Atalanta with apprehension, “ what do you suppose they would do with him ?”

“ I should think a short detention would be the worst he need fear from them,” replied her ladyship, “ perhaps they might succeed in converting him, and in that case he might probably be advanced to the highest offices in the state.”

“ Never !” exclaimed Atalanta, her beautiful dark eyes sparkling with an expression that strongly resembled indignation ; “ never ! — you do not know Clarence Guilford, mamma, or you would not even dream of such a possibility.”

“ I know my dear, that it would be the very best thing he could do, in the present state of affairs ; and as for Clarence, I knew him before you were even born or thought of, and therefore ought to understand him better than you, who, excepting whilst you were both mere children,

and quite recently have seen next to nothing of this immensely interesting young gentleman."

"Very true, mamma, but then I have read his works!"

"So have I, dear, and indeed, and indeed (as Mrs. Trollope's fashionable ladies express themselves—which by the way is an imported Americanism) I think them exceedingly clever and entertaining."

"Ah! mamma, you cannot have studied them as I have, or you would not apply such trivial praises to the quintessence of all that is beautiful, sublime and philosophic in romance—the magnificence of a Byron—the brilliant humour of a Hook*—the pathos of a Moore! and then what generous advocacy of the rights of the poor—what pure morality—what lofty virtue—!"

"My dear," said Lady Maddens, interrupt-

* Hook, as is well known, was vilified in 'Coningsby,' (or 'the Jew's own book,' as Punch terms it) under the name of Lucian Gay.

ing her charming daughter's most eloquent tirade, "you are in love—I am not. You think Sir Clarence Guilford perfection—I think he will make you an excellent husband—I know him to be a man of honor—a patriot, and a grandee of the literary world, but I am equally aware that like the rest of the world he is not without his faults."

Miss Maddens *said* nothing, but she *looked* a challenge of proof to support her mother's most unorthodox, heretical assertions.

Her ladyship read Atalanta's meaning in her eye, and resumed accordingly.

"It may not perhaps be uninteresting to you, my dear Atalanta, to know something of the earlier years and character of the man you are about to be united with."

The attentive attitude immediately assumed by Atalanta, was scarcely needed to confirm her mother in her supposition.

"Sir Clarence Guilford, as you are aware, was left an orphan at ten years of age, and was

brought up by his uncle, Sir Reginald, along with his own children. Up to the *age* of thirteen, Clarence evinced, with regard to Latin and mathematics, a degree of obtuseness and stupidity truly perplexing to his tutors; whilst in natural sciences, as well as history both ancient and modern, he made, without assistance, the most extraordinary progress. He subsequently however became an excellent classical scholar, and in the variety of his studies, almost rivalled the far-famed ‘admirable Crichton’ himself. But that is a subject on which I need not expatiate. The most striking feature in his character was self-will. He would attempt the most difficult undertakings, and perform the most devoted, generous actions; but always in his own way, according to the dictates of his own fancy. The slightest effort to restrain or bias him, was received with vexation and disgust, and in general treated with neglect if not contempt by the wayward boy whose proud imagination delighted in the idea

of an existence apart from the prejudices of the world, and sacred to the worship of truth and virtue, independent of all extraneous influences.

I have heard him say, that at times, he would imagine himself possessed of that mighty signet mentioned in the (Mahommedan) Arabian tales, which rendered its owner, ruler of the invisible spirits, and would stroll through woods and fields holding imaginary converse with his unearthly companions !”

“ And how could such a man become a lawyer—an attorney ?” said Atalanta.

“ Sir Clarence, my dear, was proud, and the chain of dependence galled him. Not but that Sir Reginald himself ever treated him with affectionate kindness. It was his cousins, who, jealous of his superior talents and acquirements, constantly strove, by every means in their power, to wound his feelings and irritate his too susceptible pride. Under these circumstances, he chose the profession of a solicitor,

as being a shorter and surer road to independence than the bar, to which his uncle wished him to direct his attention. In a few years his high connexions placed him in possession of a splendid income. I say splendid, for judging by the sums which I know him to have given away at various times in charity, he must have had at least two or three thousand a year."

Rat tat—tat tat tat !

A tremendous crash of the knocker on the street door interrupted her ladyship, at this crisis of her interesting communications. And that effectual extinguisher of all confidential dialogue a tall footman, announced the visit of the Most Noble Marquis of Wilton, Imperial Master of the Horse, Conjuror in Ordinary to his Arabian majesty, &c. &c.

"I wish, mamma, you had said you were not at home," said Miss Maddens.

"Nonsense, dear, the Marquis is so very entertaining."

“ Yes, but he—”

“ May perhaps give us some news of Sir Clarence !”

Atalanta was silent, and his lordship entered the room.

He was evidently ‘ big with the fate of empires and of kings,’ and after some very dull and badly sustained conversation upon the weather — politics and other trivial subjects—requested a few minutes’ private *tête-à-tête* with Lady Maddens.

Atalanta immediately, as on a recent occasion, quitted the room, and his lordship forthwith, as might have been anticipated, proposed for the hand of that young lady, and was politely informed by the mamma, of her pre-engagement to Sir Clarence Guilford, Bart., M. P.

“ But perhaps she may change her mind,” said the Marquis, who evidently laboured under the notion, that for a girl to refuse so distinguished an individual as himself, was

almost beyond the bounds of earthly probability.

“ I think not,” said Lady Maddens, “ she loves Sir Clarence, and as he is in every way a suitable match — I highly approve of her selection. As you are aware, my lord, he is very rich; indeed — if I am not mistaken, his rent-roll is somewhat longer than your own.”

“ It may soon be shorter — by a heading,” muttered the marquis.

“ What do you mean, my lord ?”

“ I mean, when Sir Clarence himself is shorter by a head,” and his lordship smiled in the pride of his own supereminent facetiousness.

“ Good morning, my lord.”

“ *Good morning !*”

And the Marquis departed, reflecting, that in spite of the apparent contradiction, a man might be exceedingly partial to feats of *leger de*

main, without considering *sleight of hand* by any means an affair of an agreeable character.

“ Shorter by a head !” repeated Lady Madens, “ what a horrible contingency to reflect upon !”

CHAPTER VI.

THE BUSH-RANGERS.

WE must now take a retrospective glance at Sir Clarence Guilford and his companions, who were left, be it remembered, in the act of betaking themselves to bed, escorted by the prize-fighting landlord of the 'Albert Arms,' who in Guilford's earlier years, had been his able tutor in the pugilistic art.

On being awakened the next morning, at a somewhat later hour than Sir Clarence had intended, they felt, as was but natural, rather

stiff, from the effects of their adventures of the previous night. Otherwise none of them had sustained any serious corporeal damage, and they took their seats at the rude breakfast-table, by no means destitute of appetite.

“ Mr. Snooks,” said Sir Clarence as their friendly host entered the room, in which they were seated, with a relay of toast and coffee, “ what do you think of the new government ?”

“ I don’t know, sir, what to think of it,” replied Snooks evasively, as if he feared to commit himself by expressing his opinion openly.

“ Enough,” said Guilford, fixing upon him, for a moment, his Vathek-like glance, and proceeded to inform the prize-fighter of the reasons of their seizure and imprisonment.

The aspect of the martial Snooks expressed unmitigated indignation ; he shook his brawny fist at some imaginary foe, and with angry em-

phasis gave vent to the following enigmatical sentence —

“ I wish I had him in a saw-pit !”

“ We may count upon your aid then ?” said Guilford.

The prize-fighter nodded significantly.

“ You have no objection to shout ‘ long live Victoria !’ at the proper time and place ?”

“ None whatever, sir.”

“ Nor—‘ down with Sidonia !’ ”

“ And Hebrew misrule ?” added Omnibus.

“ None in the least.”

“ Then,” said Sir Clarence Guilford, writing his name in his pocket-book, “ I enlist you in the army of good men and true. You will hear from me soon.”

“ Always ready, sir,” replied the prize-fighter.

“ And now,” resumed Guilford, “ if you will send for a cab, we will wish you good-bye, without further delay.”

“ And take this sovereign,” added Omnibus, “ and get us three six-and-sixpenny gossamers from the nearest hat-shop, for we do not possess a *tegula* amongst us, as you are aware.”

The cab came and so did the hats. Unluckily, not one of the latter would fit any of the gentlemen for whom they were intended.

“ Never mind,” said Omnibus, doubling up an old newspaper, and forcing it under the lining of his *chapeau*, which, previous to undergoing that operation, acted as a complete extinguisher to his intellectual physiognomy, “ let us be moving. Good-bye Mr. Snooks !”

“ Good-bye, sir.”

“ Remember !” said Guilford, as last of all he jumped into the cab, and away they rattled.

In Oxford-Street they met a party of the ‘ regenerate,’ walking fifteen abreast, and singing the was-to-be ‘ National Anthem ;’ but our adventurers joined so lustily in the cele-

brated chorus — ‘ the *Marseillaise* of Young England.’

“ And long live Ben Sidonia,
The founder of our sect.”

That they were permitted to pass on without question or molestation. As they rolled along the wood-pavement, my darling Wiggleton entertained his companions by sundry vivacious parodies of the aforesaid ‘ *Benjalse*,’ to a great variety of airs. For instance, to the celebrated duet in *Puritani* he sang—

“ Emancipate the Hebrews—
Conciliate the Pope---
Found Mechanics’ Institutions
AND LAY IN A STOCK OF SOAP !”†

As they entered Bayswater, Guilford pointed to the unfinished ‘ Royal Nursery,’ then building in Kensington Gardens.

† A precaution by no means superfluous ; as any unprejudiced visiter of these march-of-intellect institutions must confess. Should the reader’s curiosity lead him thither, let him steep his handkerchief well in Colner Wasser as a preparative. VERBUM SAP.

“ I should not be surprised if the ‘ new emperor ’ as they call him, were to take up his residence there,” said Sir Clarence.

“ What will become of the poor children do you suppose ?” said Wiggleton.

“ Bolstered to death *a la* Richard the Third to be sure !” replied Harrowdrake.

“ What splendid houses they are building about here,” said Guilford, as they rolled down ‘ Notting Hill ’ and past ‘ Norland Crescent.’

“ The time will come,” said Lord Harrowdrake, “ when the north side of Hyde Park will be considered the most fashionable part of London. Who would not rather live in one of these magnificent streets so open and healthy, than in the narrow, dreary localities at present tenanted by the *élite* of our metropolis !”

The cab now turned aside from the main road into a green lane, with fields and a far ex-

tended prospect on one side, whilst cottage-like villas lined, at intervals, the other. Before the largest and most imposing of these it stopped.

“Survey my empire and behold my home!”

said Lord Harrowdrake, with as corsair-like a look as he could assume at so short a notice.

The door was opened by a particularly pretty little house-maid, and the cab-man having received his fare, drove slowly away in the direction of the London road.

‘Catastrophe Hall,’ as Lord Harrowdrake’s villa had been idiosyncratically christened by its eccentric master, was a very odd looking building. It reminded one of the house described by Hoffman in his ‘Serapion’s Brueder,’ which was erected by the musician in the following manner.

Firstly, he had four walls raised to what he considered the requisite height, then had windows broken through in various parts of the

building, according to the whim of the moment ; doors were produced in a similar manner, and the internal arrangements afterwards made to correspond.

In like manner, Lord Harrowdrake's mansion, which was of considerable size, instantly struck the eye of a stranger by its marvellous irregularity. No two windows were precisely upon the same level. Some had venetian blinds, some not. Half the house had been fresh painted, the other was covered by a magnificent vine tree, it had *one* wing, and was *partly* adorned with turrets, in the Gothic style. The garden in the front, was bordered with the skulls of different animals, painted white to preserve them from decay ; that at the back of the house, was in the shape of an irregular triangle. On entering the hall, two stuffed panthers, one on either side of the staircase, attracted your attention, and their eyes, by some ingenious contrivance, were made

to glare and sparkle in a very appalling manner.

But as I before observed, long descriptions are excessively *ennuyant*, I shall therefore leave the curiosities of Lord Harrowdrake's villa to introduce themselves, as chance may direct, to the attention of the reader.

"Well, here we are with our heads on !" exclaimed Harrowdrake.

"Yes, and our *hats*," said Omnibus taking off that ill-fitting six-and-sixpenny appendage.

"The first thing to be done," said Harrowdrake, "is to order some dinner. In the meantime, what say you to a game of billiards—that is the way to the room—it opens into the conservatory, in the centre of which, there is a mineral spring—but fear not, my merry bush-rangers ! the cellar is not empty, and like Vesuvius, shall bubble the champagne ! in bright Moselle we'll drink confusion to the Hebrew hounds ! and toast our own success in burning Burgundy !"

“ Our host is getting quite poetical,” said Sir Clarence.

“ How many will you give me ?” quoth Wiggleton selecting a cue.

“ Fifty out of a hundred !” replied the skilful baronet.

CHAPTER VII.

CATASTROPHE HALL.

THEIR noble host soon joined the cousins in the billiard-room, and being no player himself, volunteered to act as marker, and bridge-hander general to the company.

“ You must take a walk round my garden,” said Lord Harrowdrake, when he perceived that his guests were tired of their game.

“ Willingly,” replied Guilford opening the door which led to the greenhouse. It contained nothing but plants of the cactus species of every conceivable shape and genus. In the

centre was a common pump, which looked more useful than ornamental, although as his lordship assured them, its waters were strongly impregnated with iron. On entering the garden the cousins were struck by the peculiarly heavy color and stiff appearance of the trees and bushes, as also by the fact that they were in full leaf, notwithstanding the advanced season of the year.

Guilford expressed his astonishment at this circumstance to his host.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the peer, “I see you are falling into the common error. You fancy they are *trees*?”

“Fancy they are trees! of course I do—they *are* trees—am I to disbelieve the evidence of my senses?”

“Yes, for they mislead you.”

“What do you mean?”

“They’re *cast iron*.”

“Cast iron! nonsense, you are jesting?”

“*Cast iron*, every man jack of them! If you don’t believe me, *feel* them.”

The cousins both did so, and to their ineffable surprise the event corroborated the statement of the peer.

“ Good heavens ! what could induce you to have your garden adorned with so strange a plantation ? ”

“ Fancy. They look just as well as real trees, and require no gardening. ”

“ If you please, sir, dinner’s ready, ” said the housemaid.

“ Very well, ” replied the peer, “ we are coming. You see I do not keep much of an establishment down here. A couple of maid servants, that is all. When I am here I do just as I like ; dine at two o’clock, read, walk, and shoot with my bow and arrows. An odd way to spend one’s time, eh ? ”

“ A very agreeable change from the noise and turmoil, formality, and dustiness of a town life, ” said Guilford.

“ Are those poplars cast iron too ? ” enquired Omnibus.

“All but the trunks,” replied his lordship, “and now to dinner ere the meats are cold!”

The dinner consisted of a leg of mutton, with caper sauce, flanked by two dishes of turnips from Lord Harrowdrake’s own garden, as a first course, and a very plain plum-pudding as a second. The vegetable dishes, by the way, were large sea shells, set in silver, and the plates were of polished lava. The wines however were numerous and excellent, especially some fine old *Tokay*.

“A wine that tasted once is near forgotten.”

As sings a modern poet, some of whose gastronomical hints are not so much amiss; for instance the rhyme to the above—

“Soup should be always put the table hot on.”

Although much grave discussion may and probably will arise in the *gourmand* world, as to the merit of the following couplet—

“If you aspire to see your guests well fed,
A salmon’s tail is better than his head.”

After dinner, our bush-rangers adjourned to the drawing-room, where the cousins were further entertained by the mysteries of a table, from which cups full of hot coffee were produced, and empty ones removed through a trap door in the centre.

At an early hour they retired to rest, not having yet got over the stiffness resulting from their involuntary gymnastics of the preceding night, or rather morning; and I look upon their proceeding as so wise, that I shall at once conclude this chapter and follow their illustrious example by going to bed myself.

Mem. the fire has gone out, and the servants have gone to bed; I am out of cigars, it is the middle of November, and my study is five and twenty feet by twenty. Draw your own conclusions, reader mine!

P.S.—By a theatrically disposed printer's devil.

(Exit author, shuffling along in a pair of old slippers and a flowered dressing-gown, with a

chamber candlestick in his hand—wondering how many blunders there will be in to-morrow's proofs, and inwardly determining to write his next chapter, if possible, a shade more illegibly than the last; it being well known that our mistakes invariably diminish in proportion to the badness of the writing in the manuscript.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INVASION.

ONE of the first things Guilford did, on finding himself out of immediate danger, was to write a letter to the celestial Atalanta, informing her that he was in perfect safety, and intreating her to keep up her spirits, hope for better times, and place implicit credence in the eternity of the devotion of her adoring lover—Clarence. He took good care, however, to give no address by which he might have been

traced, had the letter fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended.

A consultation was now held by Lord Harrowdrake, Omnibus Wiggleton, and Sir Clarence Guilford, and it was determined, after much argument, pro and con, to make an attempt by a sudden popular disturbance to deprive the recently elected Emperor of his ill-gotten throne. Both Harrowdrake and Omnibus felt convinced that the military would never act against their legitimate sovereign, although they might have been over-awed for the moment by the abruptness of the parliamentary proceedings. Guilford by no means felt so sanguine on this point, however, he gave way to the opinion of his companions, and the attempt was resolved on.

They accordingly collected about a dozen trusty confederates, and entering one morning, a Bayswater omnibus, which their party completely filled, besides several who mounted upon the roof; the hopes of English loyalty set off

for the capital, with pistols in their pockets, and swords concealed in large gingham umbrellas, with which they had provided themselves for the purpose. Some were smoking cigars, and their leaders were rehearsing to themselves the speeches with which they intended to stir up the feelings of the multitude.

Can we refrain from admiring the dauntless courage of this handful of men, who dared to brave an emperor in his capital, surrounded as he was reported to be by police, both open and secret, with public opinion in his favor, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and a host of devoted friends ready to shed their ink—or blood, if they could not help it, for his cause and the doctrines he had established !

Here I must pause to observe that immense numbers of the Jews were firmly persuaded that the noble Bengimagne was in fact no other than the Messiah, whom, as it is pretty generally known they had been expecting for some thousands of years past, with most ex-

emplary patience. Those who did not as yet make an entry of this interesting fact in the ledger of their belief, merely waited until the new emperor's power should be recognised by the other European princes and states; in short they were afraid of committing themselves, by confessing his Messiaship, whilst any danger was to be incurred by so doing. Those, however, who had acknowledged his mission, were extremely zealous in expounding the prophecies relating to his coming, in the synagogues; and the number of texts clearly applicable to Ben Sidonia, and to him alone, to be found in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and all the other prophets, major and minor, was truly surprising. "When there is a will there is a way," and as I have before remarked "to stick at nothing,"*

A few days ago I experienced a strikingly disagreeable instance of this Mosaic—Arabian peculiarity. Suffering from an intolerable tooth-ache, I had 'screwed my courage to the sticking place,' and was on my way to an eminent dentist's, in order to get rid of the root and origin of the evil; when a little boy in brass buttons thrust a placard into my hand, which, contra-

is the Jewish motto. The writers of the Orient are extremely vague and figurative in their language, and offer innumerable opportunities to cleverish men, wishing to pervert their meaning, which, by the exercise of a little ingenuity in twisting and explaining, may be made to signify almost anything by the commentator. I do not profess to be a profound theologian, but in my college days being somewhat given to historical and metaphysical dis-

ry to my usual practice, I took the trouble of inspecting. It was the advertisement of a man of the name of J--m--s, calling himself a surgeon dentist. Almost giddy with pain, I knocked at his door, at the entrance to which a couple of rows of false teeth, sarcastically grinned at me from their glass case ; and I doubt not but that the little advertising boy in brass buttons would have laughed at my simplicity in his sleeve, had not that portion of his attire been so remarkably tight as to preclude the possibility of even a chuckle finding room in it for expansion. Impelled by some diabolical influence, and eager to be relieved from the torture I was suffering, I entered the house of the charlatan. To cut the story short, he was a Jew. Evidently understanding nothing of his impudently assumed profession, he boldly proceeded to extract the tooth, and after seven tugs and breaking the tooth all to fragments, left the fangs of the tooth in the jaw, and assured me that the tooth was out.

cussions, I made the Hebrew writings, commonly termed "The Old Testament," an especial object of careful study and critical enquiry. It appeared to me then, nor have I since seen reason to change my opinion, that by far the greater part of the prophecies therein contained, referred to things immediately occurring, or about to occur, and very many seem to be written rather as histories of events already past, than as prophecies thereafter to

Almost fainting with pain, I nevertheless detected the falsehood in a few minutes. He offered to have another tug. This kind offer I declined of course, and throwing down half-a-guinea on the table, instantly left the room. My first idea on recovering from the pain of the operation, was to return, and give the unfeeling wretch a portion of the chastisement he deserved; but a moment's reflection shewed me the folly of such a proceeding, and an action for damages rose in visionary horror before my imagination. I then determined to expose the imposture of this Jewish scoundrel, and shall take effectual measures for that purpose. Meanwhile these few words may perhaps save another from the unprincipled cruelty to which I have been subjected. There is a useful axiom with respect to Jews, which it is well to know. With the generality of the world, truth is the rule, and lies the exception; with the Jews, the exception is truth, the rule falsehood.

be fulfilled. I trust these remarks will not give offence to those who know the stupendous difficulties with which ancient chronology is invested.

To return to our adventurers, who, as we have seen, were on their way to town in a Bayswater omnibus.

“A man like that Sidonia,” said one of the inside Anti-Sidonians, by name Wilmington, “deserves to be hung upon the nearest lamp-post!”

Hanging men upon the nearest lamp-post, was Mr. Wilmington’s grand panacea for all evils, social and political.

“You see,” said the honorable Jack Somers, “when things get to a certain point, there is an end of everything!”

“Or a beginning of everything,” muttered another of the band with a laugh.

“The first thing we must get the mob to do,” said Charles Monckton, Esq., a Tory of the

old school, "is to rush to the tower, and set the Queen at liberty."

"But I understand that she is still at Buckingham Palace," said Omnibus Wiggleton, "so we should not have occasion to go quite so far. Indeed we need only go as far as Hanover Square, in which neighbourhood, if any reliance is to be placed in 'Punch,' *Buckingham Palace* is situate of late."

"Ha! ha! you mean the 'British and foreign destitute?'"

"Precisely. Though it really is too bad of Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and Co., to abuse poor Silky so unremittingly. He is unquestionably a very clever man."

"Very; I once heard him volunteer to subscribe a guinea to have one of his own speeches printed!"

The omnibus rattled on, Hyde Park was passed, and Oxford Street was entered, when Guilford, who was seated outside, suddenly knocked the driver from his seat into a mud

cart just then passing. Whether he was drowned, or smothered, or whether he still survives to drive Bayswater omnibuses, (licenced to carry twice as many as they will hold,) is a mystery, like many others to this day unravelled. Sir Clarence seized the reins of the falling Phæton, and at the same moment Lord Harrowdrake clapped the muzzle of a pistol to the third button of the conductor's waistcoat, and bid him "run, or die!"

The cad preferred the former; and our gallant crew being left in full possession of the "public stage-carriage" they occupied, began to shout "long live Victoria our Queen!" with tremendous energy. Those on the roof of the omnibus waving their swords in the air, with a very martial gesticulation; whilst the insides presented their pistols from the windows of the vehicles, like guns from the port-holes of a frigate, and Omnibus Wiggleton, called in a voice of thunder through a copper speaking trumpet—

“Join us all who are friends of liberty! Fly to the rescue of your youthful Queen, ere she be murdered by the barbarous foes!”

This he shouted from the place lately vacated by the conductor. A great many people took the hint, and followed in the wake of the omnibus. By the time they reached Trafalgar Square, the concourse was very considerable. Immense numbers soon joined them, headed by Guilford's various emissaries, amongst whom Snooks, the prize-fighter, shone pre-eminent by his athletic frame, and the boldness of his speeches.

“It succeeds beyond my hopes!” said Guilford to his cousin, “if the military only remain neutral, the day is ours!”

The omnibus was drawn up at the foot of the Nelson Column, and Sir Clarence, standing upright upon the roof, prepared, sword in hand, to address the populace.

He was greeted by tremendous cheers from the crowd, and harangued them in a brief, but spirited manner.

“Countrymen! the English throne has been usurped by an ambitious Hebrew, the government of this country has been seized upon by a party, whose principles tend to deprive you of every vestige of your ancient rights. Political slavery, and despotic rule, the renewed tyranny of the popedom, and complete national degradation await you on the one hand; on the other, we offer you the liberty so long your pride and boast in every quarter of the globe. It is for you to make your choice between the two!”

“Liberty!—liberty for ever!” shouted the people with indignant violence.

“Then,” replied Guilford, pointing with his finger to the statue above his head, “remember Nelson’s words—‘England expects this day each man to do his duty!’”

Still louder acclamations rent the air, and the naval hero, on the summit of the column, nodded his iron head with an approving air.

“See!” exclaimed Sir Clarence, enthusias-

tically, "even yon hero's statue longs to join us!"

"Long live Victoria!" shouted Snooks, the prize-fighter, and the people repeated the words with the most passionate loyalty.

"I hope the Admiral is not going to fall down upon our heads," said Lord Harrowdrake, "I would not ask that statue to supper for a trifle!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETREAT OF THE ANTI-
CONINGSBYITES.

IN the meantime Omnibus Wiggleton entered a gun-smith's close at hand, and slipping a piece of paper into the hands of the master of the shop, said hastily—

“There is a cheque of Sir Clarence Guilford's for two thousand pounds — I must have the run of your shop for the good of the Queen.”

“But the banks have stopped payment—” began the gun-smith.

“ Pooh ! that will not last long—as soon as we have put things to rights again the bankers will resume their functions. Besides, I must inform you that with or without your leave we are determined to have the guns, so you had better take the cheque, and hope for better times.”

“ Well,” said the gun-smith, pocketing the precious slip of paper, “ I see I cannot help myself, and to say the truth, I do wish you may succeed with all my heart and soul !”

“ Enough,” replied Omnibus, “ we shall take the weapons as if by violence, that you may not be punished in case we are defeated.”

So saying, Wiggleton began to distribute the arms to their partizans from the door of the shop, and when the arsenal was exhausted, he followed the same plan with the ammunition. The rest of the mob were armed with pokers and cudgels, and some horses having been procured from a neighbouring livery stable, Guil-

ford, Harrowdrake, Omnibus and the other leaders of the insurrection, mounted them as speedily as possible, and led the way in the direction of Buckingham Palace.

On reaching the park however, they found the Horse-Guards drawn out to receive them. The mob hesitated and stopped. Sir Clarence rode forward and attempted to address the soldiers. But they turned a deaf ear to his words. Their pay had been doubled by Sidonia, and the officers were mostly new men in the Young England interest, the veterans having, with few exceptions, joined the army in Morocco.

A sudden thought struck Sir Clarence, he beckoned Omnibus Wiggleton to his side. "Ride," said he, "as fast as you can to the Duke of Wellington, and beg him to hasten hither. Perhaps the sight of the old hero may have some influence on these misguided men.

Omnibus clapped spurs to his horse and was out of sight in a few minutes.

The officers of the guards then advanced, and called upon the people to disperse.

They answered by a shout of defiance, and a volley of bullets.

“ Charge !” cried the colonel, and the heavy cavalry swept down upon the populace. Immense numbers of the latter, so ephemeral is the courage of a mob, threw down their arms, and were permitted to escape through the ranks of their opponents. The little band of horsemen fought most desperately ; Guilford himself encountering the colonel, cut his head off at one sweep of his sabre, and Harrowdrake, raising it upon the point of his sword, exclaimed loudly—

“ Behold the head of a traitor !”

But at that crisis a life-guardsmen levelled a pistol at the head of his lordship, which compelled him to throw the colonel’s head into the fellow’s face, to create a diversion.

They soon began to give way and fly in every direction, and even their leaders to lose all confidence of success.

"We must fly," said Harrowdrake, "or be cut to pieces!"

"We shall be hung upon the nearest lamp-post," said Mr. Wilmington clapping spurs to his horse.

"When things come to a certain point, there is an end of everything!" said the honorable Jack Somers following his example.

Guilford and Harrowdrake gallopped together across to Hyde Park, and dashed through the gate, in the direction of the Bayswater road. They saw Omnibus Wiggleton riding towards them, and making signs to him to turn his horse's head, were very soon galloping at his side.

"Well, what news from the Duke?" said Guilford.

"He is very ill—confined to his bed, unfortunately," replied Omnibus.

"No matter now, all is over for the pre-

sent. Spur on! our pursuers are gaining ground."

"Yes," said Harrowdrake, "they are gaining ground with a vengeance!—but where on earth are you riding to?—we must make for the nearest gate."

"Clarence! turn to the left!" exclaimed Wiggleton angrily.

"Pooh! follow my example—it is our only chance," replied our hero briefly. But there was a confidence in his tone that reassured his companions.

Meanwhile about a dozen of the guards who were following them, had inclosed them in a sort of a crescent, so that finding them as they did, at an equal distance from two of the gates with a high, iron railing spiked at the top, and doubtless too well known to the reader to require further description, immediately before them—their escape seemed absolutely impossible to the soldiers.

The fugitives reached the railing when Guil-

ford, suddenly drawing his horse upon its haunches, placed it close to the wall, and standing upon the saddle of the steed whose nineteen hands of height were here an especial advantage, he placed his hands carefully between two of the spikes, and vaulted over the railing into the road ; Harrowdrake and Omnibus instantly dismounted, and luckily succeeded in imitating the conduct of their active chief, (whose horse had remained standing close to the wall) without further injury than tearing the cuffs of their coats, and grazing the skin off their wrists against the spikes.

It was however as Mr. Wiggleton expressed it a “ *very close shave*,” so close indeed, that the foremost of their pursuers actually grazed his heel as he cleared the railing, a feat which the Guards in their jack-boots were totally incapable of performing. They fired their carbines however through the railings ; but the bullets whistled about the ears of our adventurers, without occasioning them any

further annoyance, and long before their pursuers could gallop round to the nearest gate they had crossed the road, and darted with lightning-like rapidity (brave men run fast when they run at all) down a narrow sideway which happened to lead in a direct line to the Paddington railway station. As they saw no more of their pursuers, it must be concluded either that they completely distanced and outran them, or that the latter got upon a false scent, and continued their chase in an altogether different direction.

CHAPTER X.

THE VELOCIPED.

ON arriving at the railway terminus our fugitives made eager inquiries as to the time of starting for the next train.

“ In about a quarter of an hour, sir,” replied the man they applied to.

“ A quarter of an hour !” said Lord Harrowdrake, “ if we wait another quarter of an hour we are lost ‘ coons,’ as the Yankees say.”

“ *Quid faciendum ?*” said Omnibus.

“Come this way,” said Sir Clarence, “if I mistake not, there is one of those recently invented railway velocipedes yonder, which may facilitate our escape. Curiosity induced me to try one when they first came out; they are worked by the feet, and stopped by a lever with the hand. I understand their management, so if you will trust yourselves to me, we may soon be scudding away at the rate of some fifteen miles an hour!”

By this time they had reached the machine in question; it had but one long seat, in the centre of which our hero placed himself, whilst Omnibus and Harrowdrake were located on either side, and Guilford at once, by a pressure of his foot, set the light vehicle in motion. A crank on the axis of the back wheels, and a couple of levers acted upon alternately by the feet, was the motive power, and although at first, owing to the additional weight, Guilford was obliged to exert considerable force, as soon as they were fairly started, their pace in-

creased to a still higher degree of velocity than Sir Clarence had anticipated, and the labour became of a passive, rather than an active nature. That is to say but trifling exertion was necessary to sustain the once acquired rapidity of progression, and they whirled along in the most delightful manner conceivable, with the triumphant consciousness of having most effectually baffled their pursuers.

Accidentally no one had observed their departure from the station.

“ We have a full quarter of an hour’s start of the next train,” said Guilford, “ so what with the numerous places it has to stop at, we are in little danger of being overtaken at our present rate of travelling. At the same time I must warn you that if the train *should* appear behind us, it will be necessary to run off the rail, whether the bank be steep or level, to avoid the chance of being annihilated by the locomotive.”

“ But suppose we are in a tunnel ?” said Harrowdrake.

“ Then,” said Guilford, “ we must make way as fast as we can, and as the difference between our respective velocities cannot be very great, we may perhaps be merely pushed on before the engine ; however, all will depend upon the effect of the first shock.”

“ Well, it is to be hoped that experience will not enlighten us on the subject,” said Wiggleton.

“ To tremble at contingencies is not the part of a wise man,” said Guilford, the perspiration streaming down his face from the exercise.

On they whirled, sometimes through chasms deep and dark, sometimes upon the summit of a ridge, with a precipice on either side ; beneath high bridges, through long, gloomy tunnels, still on they whirled. By Jove ! our fathers would have stared to see the wonders

we see every day ; and should some recent pilgrim to the shades describe to them such things, their weak minds, all astonished at his words, would class them with the tales of faïery land, and legends of Arabian romance.

“ Hobbyhorses are not such bad things after all !” said Omnibus.

“ Not upon railroads,” replied Guilford, “ indeed as a utilitarian invention, I think it is a pity that more attention has not been turned to their improvement. As a means of cheap and convenient travelling they would be extremely desirable. We used to have them at Oxford, but although they answered extremely well upon level ground, riding up-hill upon them, was up-hill work indeed.”

“ I have seen them at several watering-places,” said Harrowdrake, “ but they had a very uncouth look, and it apparently required a great deal of labor to set them in motion.”

“For a simple reason,” replied Sir Clarence, “the experimentalists were not accustomed to their management. They do not have a fair trial, you might almost as reasonably expect a man to become an accomplished horseman by intuition, the very first time he backed a steed, as that he should be capable of testing the powers of a delicately constructed piece of machinery, without practice or instruction.”

“I perfectly agree with you,” said Wiggleton, “and as soon as the times are in joint again, I will go to Windmill Street, order the handsomest velocipede they can build,* and

* A velocipede I saw some time ago at the street above-mentioned, resembled in appearance a little, low gig, and was guided by a third wheel like an invalid's chair. No part of the machinery was visible, and the man who exhibited it, had apparently the most complete power over its motions, turning it upon its own ground with more facility than a horse. After the first starting the exertion seemed quite of a *laissez aller* nature. The price, if I remember rightly, was ten or fifteen guineas.

astonish the 'parkites' a little by an afternoon's dusting in it!"

As our travellers passed the various stations in their rapid course, they were set down as *couriers*, or special messengers, by the officials on duty, who occasionally touched their hats, or shouted "letters?" in a gruff tone, to which Sir Clarence and his comrades replied by gravely shaking their heads, and whirled on more rapidly than ever.

"The next station is the nearest to Buverly," said Guilford, at length slackening their pace, and in a few minutes coming to a dead stop.

They instantly descended from the carriage, and having by joint effort lifted it from the rails, and placed it at the side of the road, lest it should cause some accident to the train, which a moment afterwards appeared in sight, they set off, our hero leading the way, for his ancestral mansion, which lay at a distance of about three miles from the railroad.

In less than an hour, they passed through the massive gate of Boverly court-yard, from the summit of which the Guilford Griffin smiled a grim though friendly welcome, and there for the present, with the reader's most gracious permission, we will leave them.

SEVENTH BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROCESSION.

THE usurping Ben having succeeded in crushing the somewhat premature rebellion I have described; like a certain lordly poet's equestrian devil—

“Bethought himself what next to do,
And said he, ‘I’ll take a ride.’”

“I will have a splendid coronation, that shall

beat all ceremonies of a similar nature, past, present, and to come, to shivers !”

This was of course merely a private reflection of the Emperor’s, for towards his adherents he still, in a great measure, preserved the high-flown and majestic style of speech to which they had been formerly accustomed from his lips.

In pursuance of his pompous design, he then proceeded to summon a council of his friends, and the most magnificent preparations were forthwith commenced for the occasion.

Time rolled on, as time invariably does in novels, as well as out of them, and at length the wished for day arrived. At an early hour the procession set out from Sidonia’s palace, near the park, for St. Paul’s cathedral, where the ceremony was to be performed, instead of at Westminster Abbey, according to the practice of our ancient monarchs. I shall now endeavour to give as accurate an account of the procession as possible, for the benefit of those

readers who had not, like myself, the good fortune to be eye-witnesses of its grandeur.

First came the imperial standard of Young England, borne aloft by twelve hobbledehoys in white waistcoats, with the motto—" *Dux nobus est auctor*," thereon embroidered. The standard itself displayed a golden Sphinx upon a smoke-colored ground, with the following verse from the proverbs of Solomon—

"The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way, but the folly of fools is deceit."

Many conjectures were hazarded by the spectators as to the meaning of the verse above mentioned, but without throwing any light on the inherent obscurity of the subject.

Next followed the whole operatic corps, Mosaic Arabs to a man, if we believe the 'Book of Ben,' singing the psalms of David, and the Sidonian anthem, in an Italian translation, much to the edification of the bystanders.

Followed by the Marquis of Wilton with his head to his horse's tail, devouring tin puddings, with the most unremitting voracity.

Fifty thousand of the new generation in white chokers and vests, trying to look supercilious and sarcastic at the crowd.

Lord Gymnastic Customs on a hobby-horse, drawn by opera dancers, in short petticoats and Polish boots, balancing a cricket-bat on the tip of his nose, with his hands tied behind him.

Followed by Messrs. Jones and Botherwhack, jumping in sacks, after the custom of their ancestors.

A large body of the metropolitan police-force, disguised as Catholic priests, and muttering the popular ballad of "Nix my dolly pals," with great indistinctness and incoherency. The reporter of the Morning Post called it "chaunting *paters*, and *ave Marias*." I need scarcely say that his account is the wrong and mine the correct one.

I cannot here refrain from mentioning a piece of sad facetiousness displayed on the recent death of a member of the royal family, by the illustrious editor of the popular journal above alluded to. He was seen to issue from the office on the morning in question, with a piece of chalk in his hand, where-with he proceeded to trace on the lamp-post opposite, the outlines of a most lugubrious countenance. On that day there were *two mourning posts* in Wellington street !

After the sacerdotal policemen, came ten thousand rascals of the Hebrew persuasion, picking pockets to the sound of soft music.

Followed by Moses of the Minorities, in an eight-and-sixpenny Taglioni, smoking three cigars at once ; with his poet laureate, who, crowned with *cabbage* leaves, recited his own poems to the multitude.

Five thousand carriages of illustrious Young Englandites.

The Empress in her state carriage, drawn by flattering artists, and doing her utmost to look juvenile for the occasion.

The ambassador of the King of Calabar, in the *ultra negligé* costume of his country.

The thundering cataract, an Indian chief on a visit to the emperor, smoking the pipe of peace, and smiling benignantly on the spectators.

A thousand union paupers, eating beef sandwiches to the tune of "Such moments are but rare!"

Sir Post-office Brownham, in the full dress of his new appointment as Minister of the Secret Police, opening private letters in a glass coach, drawn by twenty teams of quack doctors, dispensing bread pills and colored water to the people as they passed.

Followed by his standard-bearer, displaying a rat with three tails upon a dark green ground, and the motto "*iterum iterumque*."

Another body of the 'New Generation,'

singing songs to a variety of tunes in favor of despotism and the Roman pontiff.

The papal legate, humming an air from Don Giovanni, and ogling the pretty women in the balconies.

A body of guards, in their new uniforms, white turned up with green and pewter.

The Emperor himself in a suit of grey and gold, looking as indifferent and ‘*Pecksniffian*’ as can be conceived.

Followed by another band of guards with a state waggon, containing all the works of the Emperor, printed upon white satin in letters of gold, (including the papers in which he himself had reviewed them) as a present to the cathedral library.

At Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor of London, more generally known as “the great unaccountable,” advanced to receive his imperial majesty, followed by the Aldermen of the city, on tame horses, and a shower of deceased cats,

one of which knocked the royal Sidonia's hat off.

The procession then proceeded along Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, to the church of St. Paul's, where Archbishop Pusey stood, crown in hand, awaiting their arrival.

CHAPTER II.

THE CORONATION.

ROUND the exterior of the cathedral temporary seats were erected for the convenience of those spectators of the procession, who could afford to pay half a guinea for a portion of the consecrated space; and in the interior a similar arrangement had been effected, merely leaving the centre of the edifice, immediately beneath the dome, clear of seats and scaffolding, for the ceremony. The seats inside were disposed of

at the rate of one to ten guineas, according to their position, and as the dean and chapter took great care to make it known to the public that the money thus obtained, would, without deduction, be applied for the benefit of the poor of the metropolis, no one could rationally object to the proceeding.

To be sure, the radical papers here and there threw out hints about Simoniacal goings on at St. Paul's ; or constant readers enquired whether " the poor in spirit," were included in the proclamation of the Chapter ; insinuating that under those circumstances the Dean and Chapter themselves would become highly deserving objects of charity ; but little notice was taken of these spiteful remarks, and people thought themselves lucky in getting seats at any price, however exorbitant, and not caring what pocket their money might eventually find its way into.

The pavement was completely covered with

leopard skins for the occasion, and precisely beneath the centre of the dome, upon a dais of silver, was placed a massive chair of polished brass, relieved by bronze and crystal prisms, that glittered with the radiancy of diamonds. The cushions were of crimson velvet, and above it, suspended by wires so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye at a few yards' distance, hung a golden circlet, blazing with lamps, so artfully constructed that the flames formed twelve spiral pyramids, giving it the appearance of the crown of an oriental magician, whilst the Emperor's name was inlaid in Hebraic characters of polished jet upon the golden band beneath.

To this magnificent throne Sidonia was led, supported on either hand by Lord Gymnastic Customs, and the author of "Mysterious Medleys," whose less euphonious patronymic I forbear to utter in the midst of a scene so resplendent.

Immediately the full choir began to chaunt

the “*magnificat*” with the most imposing effect; ‘Bengimagne,’ meanwhile arranging his black ringlets to the best advantage with well acted *nonchalance*.

The whole open space around the dais, was filled with men and women in the most splendid costumes. Tunics of black, green, and purple velvet were for the most part substituted by the men for the ungraceful court-dress of the olden time, in which few men can patiently confront a psyche unless possessing far greater freedom from personal vanity than I, for one, have any pretensions to.

The sons of Israel distinguished themselves by the immense quantity of jewelry with which they were overloaded, and the garments of the daughters of Judah certainly outshone in magnificence and costliness of materials if not in style and taste, those of the Philistines.

The crown was placed upon the head of his imperial majesty by Arch-Bishop Pusey, in his

pontifical robes, assisted by the Bishop of L—, who, it was whispered, would shortly, as a reward for his spiritual pliability, be advanced a degree higher in the episcopal scale.

A prayer in Latin, which, strange to say, seemed Greek to everybody there assembled, was then offered, and the choir having struck up “*Venite exultemus*,” all the nobles and ladies present passed in order by the throne, each kneeling as they passed, and kissing the extended hand of Sidonia, who smiled most graciously and calmly on his subjects as he leant back in his chair, dizzy with the intense excitement of gratified ambition.

A pang of sorrow struck me as I gazed upon him, that energies and talents such as his should be so fearfully perverted. Methought I saw a giant hand as at Belshazzar’s impious feast, trace on the lofty wall his pending doom!

The procession then left the cathedral in the

same order in which it had arrived, and the spectators dispersed with mutual assurances that they had never before witnessed anything half so magnificent; nor do I suppose that history will soon again present an illustrated leaf with *arabesques* so gorgeous and strange.

CHAPTER III.

EMPIRE—ROGUERY.

NOTWITHSTANDING Sidonia's unvarying success, and the apparent brilliance of triumph with which, like himself, all his efforts were crowned; he knew the precarious ticklishness of his position too well, to feel by any means at his ease in the position he occupied. A secret police had been organized, to which it was supposed the advice of the Russian Count N——, then in London, had not a little conduced; and Sir Post-office Brownham had, as

we have seen, been appropriately created Minister and Superintendant of this novel and un-English establishment.

Whilst to the eyes of the world, amusing himself by the reception of wild Indian chiefs and ambassadors from savage islands—splendid fetes and public processions—Sidonia never for a moment lost sight of the fact that there yet existed in the country, numerous, or rather numberless powerful and implacable enemies of his rule, who awaited but a favorable moment to break out into open rebellion.

The saying is old and trite, that the bed of a usurper is not a couch of roses, and the truth of the saying renders it even venerable. Sidonia knew that the sword of Damocles hung suspended over his head ; that a sudden turn might hurl him to an abyss far deeper than the position from which he had sprung ; a freak of fortune deprive him of his hard-earned empire, perhaps, even of his head. He knew where the

danger threatened, but he dared not yet have recourse to persecution, well knowing the advantage it would give his enemies. At the worst he had a consolation, though but a poor one, the means of escape were always in his power. He had contrived a secret passage from his private apartments leading to a stable, where horses were kept saddled day and night, and the smuggler-brig awaited him constantly at Deal. He had money in foreign funds of almost all nations, so that after all, he could not suffer so materially. How men try to deceive and delude their own understandings ! as if a man like Sidonia, could ever be reconciled to the loss of rank and fortune, to baffled ambition, and political insignificance !

About this time, a very curious occurrence took place, which, as it tends to illustrate my theory, with regard to the inherent virtues of the Hebrew race, I shall briefly commemorate.

The king of Calabar,* whom I have already mentioned, as taking part in the imperial coronation procession, had on his departure from the *soi disant* English court, given a large order for jewelled snuff-boxes, rings, and other trinkets, to a Hebrew, or Caucasian dealer in those precious commodities. These he distri-

“ I have been favored by a lady of my acquaintance, with an autograph letter of this sable potentate, which as a literary curiosity, I shall take the liberty of inserting—

“ Old Calabar, Nov. 27th, 1840.

Captain M————

DR. SIR,

I am very sorry for what I cannot come down this morning—all Calabar gentlement and women against me, about Flemen Egbo, on account of Bussey and dam Tom Devel, which I hope you send me my breakfarst, becouse I not intend to get any Chop, but that Break farst. I have sent by the Bearer to fill that cask of oil.

I remain your

&c.

King Boca Boca.”

buted to a great number of people, who, not perhaps esteeming the gifts so much for the sake of the donor, as for their supposed intrinsic value, were extremely horrified on going to sell, or in some cases, I am sorry to say, *pawn* the aforesaid trinkets, to discover that the diamonds, and other stones, were without exception—*paste* !

The rascality of the jeweller, or as he would have expressed it, his *ingenuity*, was completely thrown into the shade by the device of a brother of the Caucasus, who cunningly inserted an advertisement in all the papers, calling upon everybody who had received presents from his Calabarian majesty, to return them to a certain address, at some fashionable hotel, for the purpose of having the false jewels replaced by genuine brilliants. Sometime afterwards, a gentleman of a Jewish aspect, arrived in America with two portmanteaus, and a carpet-bag full of gold snuff-boxes and trinkets,

which he proceeded to 'melt down' for the bullion market. Who can say whether the sovereign I changed this morning, may not have originally formed a portion of the plunder?

CHAPTER IV.

AN INVENTION.

THE library at Boverly, was one of those fine old rooms, so much and so justly bepraised by romance writers ; and that romance writers and novelists, are people of refined taste in the long run, my recently adopted *esprit du corps* leads me to believe. For my own part, I must confess that I entertain very considerable horror of your modern, fresh-papered, gilt-corniced rooms, with their gaudy table-cloths, still gaudier carpets, and (horror of horrors !)

their chandeliers and picture-frames preserved in yellow gauze ! Then the unsubstantial furniture, looking as if it were made up of lath and coloured shavings, the flimsy curtains and the—I tremble whilst I think of past mishaps—the ornaments !

I use the commonest and most vulgar phrase, *par preference*, for the heaps of brittle rubbish, wherewith modern drawing-rooms, and often every other room in a house as well, are encumbered. Offensive to the eye of taste, destructive of ease and comfort, they are becoming a perfect nuisance to society. Not that I object to an article or two of *vertu*, such as a vase or a cameo ; but when it comes to rice-baskets, and crockery monstrosities—the sooner servants break them the better, I should say, were it not for the expense of replacing them ! — and where is the wife that would *not* replace them, ‘by hook or by crook,’ as the saying runs ; i. e. by fair means or by foul,

would make her poor devil of a husband pay for the damage !

But the library at Boverly, was, as I said, a fine old room, with carved oaken panelling, and ceiling crossed with ponderous beams of oak, brown with the dust of centuries. A few ancestral portraits, in worm-eaten frames, with mud-coloured features, and limbs like the Dutch dolls seen in a toy shop, were suspended on those parts of the wall unoccupied by book-cases. The upper shelves of the latter were filled with ancient chronicles and veteran magazines, the "Blackwood's" and "Bentley's" of bye-gone days, * * * * * the lower were wholly unoccupied, save by a few cigar cases, and boxing-gloves, relics of the mansion's former occupants, whilst the massively carved chairs, with their high backs consorted well with the curiously inlaid tables, and the Gothic windows.

In this apartment, and in the three most comfortable chairs therein discoverable, were

seated our three friends, whose hair-breadth escapes 'by park and railroad,' the reader has so recently been made acquainted with.

"I'll tell you what," said Lord Harrowdrake, after meditating for some minutes in silence, "if anybody could have foreseen how matters would have turned out, it would have been an excellent plan to have sent Ben Sidonia a challenge, and, either at once terminated his uneasy existence, or winged him to such an extent as to have rendered him comparatively harmless."

"But do you think that he would have gone out?" said Omnibus.

"I don't know," replied Harrowdrake, "though it is true 'patience is the badge of his tribe,' as Shylock says."

"Perhaps," said Guilford, "he would answer you as a certain city kinght is said to have done upon a similar occasion."

"How was that," enquired Omnibus.

“ Why,” rejoined Guilford, “ he regretted extremely, that it was absolutely impossible for him to accept the challenge, as his life was insured to a very heavy amount, and by getting shot in a duel, he should forfeit the insurance money, or to use the technical phrase, ‘ the policy would become void in consequence.’ ”

“ An excellent excuse for cowardice, and far less exceptionable than that of the man who—

“ Honored his wife and his daughters,
That his days might be long in the land ! ”

said Sir Clarence, laughing.

On the table, at which Guilford and his companions were seated, stood a massive ink-stand of bronze, well furnished with all the appurtenances for writing ; and a great variety of letters and papers, some of them written in the strangest hieroglyphics, were scattered in disorder over its polished surface.

“ Have you finished writing that letter to Wilmington ?” said Guilford to his cousin.

“ Not quite, it takes some time to copy by the key.”

“ True, and accuracy is indispensable.”

“ I wonder what Sir Post-office, and the rest of them will think of your invention ?” said Harrowdrake, rubbing his hands, and chuckling with delight, at the prospect of the minister’s discomfiture.

“ I am afraid they will stop any letters sent by post, or which they can otherwise lay their hands upon. However that remains to be tried.”

“ My envelope was rather a puzzler I fancy,” said Omnibus.

“ Yes, but it was not safe—almost every letter miscarried.”

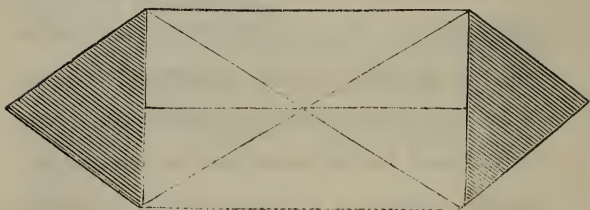
“ Oh ! I do not for an instant presume to compare my invention with yours, most ingenious cousin,” rejoined Wiggleton.

But what were these inventions ? enquires the reader impatiently.

You shall hear. In the first place, Mr. Omnibus Wiggleton's inscrutable envelope shall be described. It is a source of frequent annoyance to diplomatists, politicians, lovers, libellers, and the public generally ; that their notes and letters are frequently opened, not only by the minions of authority at the Post-office, but also by prying relations, servants, strangers, in short, by anybody and everybody who has meanness and low curiosity enough, to read what was never intended for their optics. The covers now in use, unfortunately, tend to facilitate these vile and contemptible practices, being for the most part, so constructed, that the ingenious application of a pen-knife, is alone requisite to loosen one of the ends, and thus a letter may be read and replaced, without any suspicion of the trick played upon them, being aroused in the unwary. Having been much annoyed myself by the mal-practices alluded to, I now make an invariable point of examining carefully all letters and packages I receive by the post, and have been,

I assure you, not a little surprised, at the number of *open cases* I have met with. Indeed I should be very sorry to stake anything upon the chance, that the proofs of *this very work* have not been subjected to the scrutiny of certain nameless individuals, even during their short journey by post, between the residence of your humble servant and his publisher.

THE WIGGLETON ENVELOPE.



The shaded ends of the envelope are covered with an adhesive substance, similar to that used for postage stamps. The invention is patented; and the envelopes may be had of L. COLES, Sole Patentee, Mary Street, Regent's Park.

The mode of opening seals at the Post-office, may not be known to every one. It is simply by making a piece of tobacco-pipe red hot at one end, and blowing upon the seal through the other, which of course melts the wax—and renders it an easy matter to open the letter without tearing, or rumpling the paper. On resealing it, the same operation is repeated.

But the envelope invented by our friend Omnibus, defied the ingenuity of these paltry busybodies. For the benefit of an illused public, I subjoin a diagram, as the most effective means of illustrating its merits ; and do not hesitate to say, that ladies, sending *billet doux*, indeed everybody who wishes private correspondence to be respected, ought to be extremely grateful to the inventor and (*par parenthese*) were they to work a pair of slippers, or something of the kind, with emblematic designs, and remit them with a complimentary address on perfumed note paper to Mortimer Street, to be forwarded to a certain meritorious individual—but *hints* should never become too broad. Christmas is coming and so doubtless are the *slippers*—that is to say, if there is any ice upon the Serpentine !

What fearful evils would this invention have averted, had it been made a few centuries ago ! For instance, when that wicked

man Tom Ingoldsby (recently *blown up* so indignantly by a *Horne* so very much out of tune) tells us in his ludicrous poem, "The Ingoldsby Penance,"

A scroll of shame
From a faithless dame,
That naughty page to a paramour bore ;

'and the jealous knight instantly recognising

The particular turn of her p's and her q's,

proceeds to kick the 'little foot page,' to a distance so alarming, as quite to shock the sensitive nerves of 'The new spirit of the age,' who, whilst abusing the lively poet, probably reflected that a man who could describe the act of *kicking* with such energetic sublimity, was very possibly somewhat addicted to carrying his theories into practice ; and although such a *remarkably serious* man, and moreover a parson, *might* take it into his head to *kick* him, "The new spirit of the age," into notice of a very

different description, from that into which he has for sometime past, vainly endeavoured to force himself, by publishing farthing epics,* and keen-witted, paradoxical animadversions, on the excessive *comicality* of *Paradise Lost*, the tragic grandeur of the poetry of George Colman the Younger, and “The Devil’s Walk!” *Requiescat in pace*—I almost regret having wasted so much time and ink upon so insignificant a subject.

A few days ago, happening in the course of conversation to ask Colonel L——, whether he had seen this novel *Horne Book*.

He replied dryly—“No, my dear fellow, I have had enough of the ‘new spirits of the age’ lately. I have bought a camphine lamp and it *won’t burn*.”

I fear the *horne-book* is equally as unlikely to prove *a shining light* to the world of letters.

* When a poem like ‘Orion’ is sold at a price inferior to the cost of WASTE PAPER, it is, I conceive, no danger of lacking BUYERS. READERS, I fear are not quite so easily met with in this fastidious age.

CHAPTER V.

A HINT TO DIPLOMATISTS.

AFTER the failure of his sudden and ill-prepared attempt to subvert the Sidonian government, by an extemporaneous popular tumult, Sir Clarence Guilford became convinced, that notwithstanding the fickleness of an English populace, some reaction must take place, and a considerable degree of agitation be employed,

before the people would, *sponte sua*, hurl down from its high places, the golden calf they had so recently elevated.

Accordingly, our dauntless and indefatigable hero at once proceeded to arrange an extensive correspondence, embracing almost every town in the country, with those who still adhered to the sacred cause of liberty and loyalty. But as it was but natural to suppose that many of their letters would be intercepted, he thought it necessary to invent a system of secret writing, which could not possibly be decyphered by any person, into whose hands the letters might fall, excepting by him possessing the key; and as he took especial care never to use the same key in writing to more than one person, he was in some measure secured against even treachery itself, that most formidable enemy of all political intriguers.

The key consisted (see diagram) of a sheet of the usually sized writing paper, divided by ruled lines into a multitude of oblong squares,

KEY.

13		7		9
16		18		27
8		23		22
14		6		3
4		19		26
2		24		20
17		12		25
21		5		1
10		15		11
ing		me		plea-
at		o'		<i>revoir !</i>
the		this		ly
with		do		Sir,
will		clock		a
dear		even-		pre-
six		di-		ing
cise		you		My
sure		me		of

LETTER.

numbered at random. This was placed under the paper on which the letter was intended to be written, and the words or syllables, put into the different squares, according to their numbers, in regular order, and in the common hand-writing. I flatter myself, that a glance at the accompanying plate, will convince the reader of the infinite superiority of this method over *cyphers* (which to a practised hand are easily convertible) and of the utter absurdity of attempting to understand, without the key, which can be varied at pleasure with the greatest ease—a single sentence of the confusion doubly confused therein made visible. I am aware that systems in some degree, resembling this I have described, are already in existence, although, as Byron tells us — “quite the same, none,” but I am persuaded that a method so simple, and so safe, has never yet been laid before the diplomatic and non-diplomatic public.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNALISM.

As Guilford had foreseen, the new emperor and his party were by no means disposed to allow the same license to the public press it had hitherto enjoyed; and, although they did not yet venture to establish a censorship, like that of Austria or Prussia, they nevertheless contrived by bribery, and when that failed, by intimidation, to get the leading journals under their control. The 'Morning Post,' with its inherent servility, was easy enough to manage,

and the proprietors of the 'Times,' having dismissed two of their most refractory editors, proceeded to revolutionise their political opinions with all possible celerity.

Some very obnoxious and free-spoken pamphlets were however suppressed by the minister of police, as well as a clever satire of the most determined hostility to the Sidonians. But the only effect of their suppression was, that everybody read them, and many who had joined 'Young England' in fits of high-flown enthusiasm, began now calmly to reconsider their principles, and in consequence, the desertions from the imperial ranks grew daily more numerous.

Perhaps it will be asked, how books and pamphlets, which were suppressed by the government, could be obtained?

How it was managed on the occasion alluded to, I do not pretend to explain, but from personal experience, I am persuaded that

to suppress a book, is of all modes, the most effectual for bringing it into extensive circulation. During my stay at Berlin, some two years ago, *unforbidden* books were scarcely thought worth reading, and as I was at that time devoting considerable attention to the novel phases of the German, political stage, especially the efforts of the Hegelians, whose school of philosophic liberalism, was at that time making the most surprising progress, I requested my bookseller to send me every suppressed work that was published, until finding the speculation a profitable one, literary *sans culottes* became so rife, and their attractions so thoroughly disgusting, that I was glad to reverse my order to the bookseller, and request him to send me no book for inspection, but such as had undergone the consideration of the censor.

Two of the most remarkable of these 'forbidden works,' by the way, were the 'Unpolitische Lieder' of Hoffman von Fallersleben, remarka-

ble for the brilliant piquancy of its satire, and the enthusiastic poems (destructive and irreligious as they unfortunately were in tendency) of Herwegh,* whose interview with the present King of Prussia, and the ridiculous attempt at reconciliation made by the latter, and so haughtily rejected by the exile bard, are facts well known to all habitual readers of the papers

Seeing the degradation of the national press, Sir Clarence Guilford forthwith commenced the publication of a secret newspaper called 'The Expositor,' which he circulated with the greatest diligence, and so dexterously was the printing and publishing carried on, that even Sidonia's secret police, and their indefatigable *chef* were baffled in all their attempts to dis-

* Their title was GEDICHTE EINES LEBENDIGEN (poems of a living man) and was probably suggested by Prince Puckler Muscaus's Brife eines Verstorbenen (letters of a dead man) as he termed the narrative of his interesting travels in this country and Ireland.

cover the editors, or even the office at which it was printed.

‘The Expositor’ was not a journal large enough in its paper proportions, to supply the place of a mantle or a table-cloth, but the goodness of its materials more than compensated for their deficiency in quantity; and the number of its readers increased with unprecedented rapidity.

There was something so replete with novelty and freshness, in the daring leaders of our hero, with their hearty indignation, clearly the genuine offspring of conviction, and not, as it is but too often the case with professed article writers, the forced feeling of party spirit, clothed in assumed expressions of wonder, sarcasm, or ultra-ferocious condemnation. Then the withering severity of his scorn—the poetic brilliancy of his ever-appropriate metaphors and similes, now deeply touching—now exquisitely ludicrous, dazzled and fascinated—the imagina-

tion of his readers, as much as the unmistakable conciseness and palpability of his arguments, forced inevitable conviction upon their understandings.

The grand characteristic—the grand beauty of his style, was its more than Roman simplicity—its vivid distinctness, which spoke alike to the soul of the pedant—the political economist and the unlearned mechanic, or rude labourer. His logic was like a ‘rule-of-three’ proposition. His matter-of-fact sentiments, plain and unvarnished, with the authorities systematically annexed. Not that prince of Greek historians Herodotus himself could have written sentences more evidently stamped with the author’s own persuasion of their truth.

Omnibus Wiggleton supplied the ‘Expositor’ with squibs and epigrams, whose racy and careless originality was much admired by the subscribers, constant and inconstant. One of his most successful productions was a species of epic poem,

describing the rise of 'Young England' in a very eccentric manner. A few extracts from this elegant effusion, may not perhaps prove unentertaining.

Seest thou yon man with curls like sable horse hair,
And features grim as a Barbarian corsair ?
He, whilst yet fortune flowed in torrent muddy,
Made ' Chitty's forms' and ' Archibold his study.
Nobles with him delighted now to crony, are,
Knowst thou that phiz ? 'tis Emperor Sidonia!

Canto 1, 106.

White vested heros now have gained the day,
And from the ladder's top their foes survey,
Thus in the gardens at the Regent's Park,
Some fat young grisly bear the eye may mark,
Scaling the pole for an expectant bun,
Which frolic, children think the height of fun,
To cheat him out of, when the deed is done !

Canto 3, 59.

Lord Harrowdrake furnished descriptions, painted in the most horrible and appalling colors of the evils and miseries, which the rule of the 'regenerate' would infallibly bring upon the country, and with ill-concealed satisfaction,

anticipated the establishment of the inquisition in England, and was profuse in allusions to racks — thumbscrews — heated coppers, and other *agremens* of that ancient institution.

But it must not be supposed that “the *Expositor*” was left unattacked by the government journals. Far from it. There was nothing abusive and scurrilous that was omitted in their columns, and the quiet contempt, with which the “*Expositor*” treated them, roused them to such a pitch of fury, that they began to attack Sir Clarence Guilford, whom they suspected of writing in it, in the most gross and personal manner. Much to their astonishment, no notice whatever was taken of their vindictive assertions by the “*Expositor*,” which still continued to confine itself to the steady furtherance of their unwavering principles—the restoration of the former dynasty and constitution with its necessary concomitant, the downfall of Sidonia and his party, and the rights, political and social, of the poorer classes of the people.

At length the Emperor, after suffering long from apprehension and indecision, trembling at the instability of his power, issued orders for the suppression of "The Expositor," and published a decree by which any person possessing, purchasing, or selling a copy of that journal became liable to the severest penalties.

How those vilest of all vile things, the public informers, chuckled when they heard of it

END OF BOOK VII.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

PROMISES are not often kept. That is a fact which needs no additional notoriety. When a man promises to pay you "that twenty pounds" you lent him the other day, next week, the chances are that he is going out of town in this. When, however, a friend promises to dine with you on Thursday, at six precisely, the event is much less problematical. But when a novelist promises you a chapter upon any particular subject, you may consider it as already written, printed, and skipped, for of all people,

novelists are remarkable for their consistency in keeping threats and promises.

The mention of the newspaper abuse heaped upon my hero, reminded me of my promise to furnish the public with a short essay upon that theme, to be termed

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ABUSE.

Abuse may be divided into two distinct species. General and personal.

The former is addressed to nations, cities, classes, parties, corporations, professions, &c., and may, as far as I can see, be carried to almost any extent with absolute impunity.

For instance O'Connell's "base, brutal, and bloody Whigs," the French, "*perfidie* Albion," the abuse of the existing ministry by the opposition journals.

Personal abuse may again be subdivided into actionable and not actionable. All abuse is actionable that affects a man's private character, and as a general rule, all actionable abuse may be decided by a recourse to martial law. A man's *public* character is generally considered

fair game, but libellers by profession mostly prefer a slash at his private honour, as being far more galling to the individual wounded. Very great lengths may be gone to in abuse, however, without incurring the risk of an action; and in the House of Commons you are at liberty to say anything you please, provided you are afterwards willing to acknowledge that you “meant nothing personal to the gentleman opposite!”

Hints and inuendoes ingeniously thrown out often do more harm than open abuse, and are of course much safer. They are much in vogue amongst the gentler sex, who deal still more unscrupulously than men with the characters of their enemies, and, when they have none—friends.

People are much more annoyed by being taunted with faults of the head, than with those of the heart. For instance, persons will forgive you for calling them passionate, or ill-tempered, but hate you all their lives after-

wards for accusing them of stupidity or *mauvais ton*.

If you wish to annoy a person, go and abuse them behind their backs to a woman, *in confidence*, and rest assured the abused party will not be long before he knows your opinion of him.

If you are a political opponent, and wish to say something particularly spiteful of this work, quote this chapter as the author's own serious opinions—and perhaps you will find fools to believe you.

END OF BOOK VII.

EIGHTH BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL.

By degrees the games and festivities which had in a great measure tended to increase the popularity of Young England grew rarer and more rare, the distribution of beef and beer, cheap Chesterfields, and blankets, from the gates of "castle keeps," had already been long since

discontinued, and the people, finding themselves worse off than ever, (inasmuch as, in addition to their former grievances, lack of work, poverty, and want, they were tormented by would-be feudal oppression, and lordly interference), grew daily more riotous and discontented.

In the absence of fireworks, which were found too expensive for general consumption, they again resorted to rick-burning, and farmhouse incendiarism ; whilst the half-starved mechanics held political meetings to concert the downfall of the men to whose misplaced exertions they were indebted for the very buildings they harangued in. Every evil under which the country groaned, and, sooth to say, they had accumulated fearfully during the brief duration of his empire, was laid upon the shoulders of Sidonia, and save in the metropolis, and one or two of the larger manufacturing towns, he scarcely retained a partizan

amongst the working classes, and what he chose to term "the peasantry" of the country.

The eyes of the middle classes, into which, notwithstanding their remarkably matter-of-fact and common-sense character, he had contrived to "throw dust" to a most surprising extent, were soon opened by the vigorous articles in the 'Expositor,' to the evident dissatisfaction around them. As for the professional caste, and the genuine aristocracy of the land, they had never been particularly devoted to the imperial interest, though policy had induced the greater number of them to remain neutral, and many even to side with the usurper, in the hopes of sharing the spoil in the event of success.

Woe to the man in power with nought but party feeling, and the favour of the mob to support him!

On the suppression of the 'Expositor,' Sir Clarence called a council of his friends at

Buveryly, and was shortly joined by Wilmington, Somers, and several other “good men and true,” amongst them a manufacturer of the name of Shorewheel, a very convivial sort of personage, fond of good living, well read, with a taste for the fine arts, and perfectly content with his own position; if he had one fault it was a habit he had contracted of sneering at a neighbour of his, one Millbank, who, it seemed, regarded the manufacturers as an exceedingly ill-used set of people, because, though nothing prevented them from getting rich, and enjoying the fruits of their industry, both in sensual comforts and intellectual gratifications, the bare fact of a man having accumulated *a plum*, did not *ipso facto* raise him to the dignity of a peer, and men still existed, sufficiently obtuse and unreasonable, to prefer a few generations of gentlemen as ancestors, to the possession of unlimited cotton mills, railway shares, and consolidated bank annuities. Millbank was

not contented with the respect of his inferiors, and equals by birth and occupation; he desired to be held in esteem by that aristocracy, which he took every opportunity of reviling and speaking of with scorn and contempt. The fact was, he was considered a somewhat disagreeable and vulgar personage, until Sidonia in his 'Judiad,' thought proper to set him up as a type of his class, much to the edification of the young ladies of 'May Fair,' and other fashionable localities where — they knew no better.

Mr. Millbank was just one of those men, who, if Lady Hashaway gave a ball when he was in town, and did not ask him, would swear indignantly, that he never would have accepted her invitation. Grapes are so exceedingly acid at times!

The council was held in the library already mentioned, and Sir Clarence Guilford, seated in the largest and most antiquated of the arm-

chairs, at once proceeded to address the meeting with more than Sidonian brevity.*

“The hour has arrived—the fruit is ripe—we have but to pluck it. In the letters, the letters before us”—he pointed to a heap of papers on the table, all written in the same mysterious style—“in the letters before us,” he continued, “I have promises of assistance from some hundreds of persons, many of them extensive landholders—all, men of considerable influence. It is my intention to raise my tenantry and labourers, who, I do not blush to say, are devoted to my interest, and ready, I am persuaded, to shed the last drop of their blood in my defence. My unfurling the banner of ‘our Queen and old constitution,’ will be the signal of a general rise throughout the country. Gentlemen, do any of you see any objection to

* It is thought that this term can scarcely be applied to Mr. Sidonia’s speeches in the House and on other public occasions; indeed they are considered rather long winded than otherwise.

marching to-morrow for the capital, to dethrone Sidonia ?”

“ Not I, for one,” said Omnibus, “ I am always ready, I have nothing to do but to put my hat on, and if it rains, crib somebody else’s umbrella—and London or Bagdad—to me it’s all the same !”

“ I will join you with pleasure,” said Lord Harrowdrake, “ with all my retainers—which, by the way, as my estates are on the other side of the channel, consist of an old gardener and a couple of footmen. We can call for them as we go along.”

“ You keep a gardener, I presume,” said Guilford, “ to cultivate your cast-iron plantations at Shepherd’s Bush ?”

“ No ; to mow the grass and saddle my horse,” replied the peer.

“ I will assemble my tenants this afternoon,” said Wilmington, “ and stir them up a little, by a patriotic speech, in very strong language.”

“ And what shall you say to them ?” enquired Jack Somers.

“ Oh, I shall ask them how they would like to be hung upon the nearest lamp-post ?” replied Wilmington sagaciously.

“ I shall touch up the governor’s people myself,” said Somers, “ I shall tell them to make up their minds to fight like Trojans, and when things get to a certain point, (unless something is done to stop them) there is an end to everything !”

“ I understand,” said Sir Clarence Guilford, “ that the young barristers and solicitors about Lincoln’s Inn and the Temple, mean to sally forth, followed by their clerks, and armed with writs of summons and declarations in ejectment, to join us. My friend Melville, is one of the originators of the scheme ; it will frighten the Sidonians a little I fancy.”

“ *Not* a little, I should say,” muttered Harrowdrake, shivering and turning pale at the idea of such an accumulation of horrors.

“ Then the thing is settled,” said Guilford, “ we meet in arms on Boverly Common with to-morrow’s dawn ?”

“ Agreed !” shouted the conspirators of the good cause in hearty chorus.

“ Young England’s waistcoats are well lined with tin ; but harder metal they will quickly need. Stiff are their chokers ; hemp is stiffer still. Smooth are their phrases — confident their mien—soon in abasement shall they grovelling growl !”

Thus sang a strolling demon on his way from hell to heaven,* as he passed the earth.

* That demons can enter Heaven is asserted in ‘ Faust,’ the book of ‘ Job’ and many of the writings of the old fathers.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPARITION.

WHY should not an author when weary of proposing,
And fact upon fact, dry as brickbats disclosing ;

Especially one

Who scribbles for fun

And supplies food for critics, as much with the view
Of amusing himself, charming reader, as you,
When attacking a subject of extra sublimity,
Dress his muse in white satin instead of plain dimity.

In short, make a dash,
(Tho' I own it is rash,
As lending a member of parliament cash)
Into rhyme, and attempt a slight scramble up Helicon,
Or fly up on the back of his eagler or pelican.*

Why not, echo answers as usual, *why* ?
Why the notion is novel, at least—so I'll try !—
Alone in his palace Sidonia sat,
In a slouched *tiara* description of hat,
With particular care
And a gloomy air
He twisted the cork-screw-curles of his hair,
And frowned like a tiger disturbed in his lair ;
And ground his teeth, and appeared to swear :
His features a shade or too paler than plaster,
Portended, *in toto*, some shocking disaster.

His position in fact, to the circumstance owing,
Already alluded to, daily was growing

* LA LAPSUS STYLI for Pegasus.. 'Kings are not more im-
perative than rhymes,' as Byron sung.

More ticklish and ticklish, he could not dissemble
A strong inclination to shiver and tremble ;

 Ideas of a prison
 Already had risen,
And Ben having taken “ what was not his’n ;”

 Such tweaks conscientious
 In Sid the sententious,
Were quite *selon le regle* you’ll own
 For people who rob,
 When they sit hob a nob
At eleven at night, with their conscience alone.

 The lights burned blue,
 A shadow they threw
Of Benjamin’s nose on the painted wall,
Like a sausage roll of gigantic size,
Perchance would appear to our wondering eyes !
By the power of the oxygen microscope seen—
At the Polytechnic Institution I mean.
(Mispronounce the third word in last line, for indeed
I’ve less time to polish than you have to read)
As like—not the microscope ma’am but the nose—

That fair lady's feature which Solomon chose,
To compare with a castle or something as tall,
Or the long German snout of a ligneous doll !
The shadowy nose, of proportions dim,
Seemed vast, as it wagged with an aspect grim,
And the emperor hastened the candles to trim !
A shape arose, a darkling shape
Between Ben and the door, (which cut off his escape)
It advanced with strange, unearthly walk,
And a face that appeared blackened over with cork ;
It advanced, and the emperor shook in his shoes,
(For once in a way, a slang saying to use,)
His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth with the
fright of it,
As a man's does next morn, after making a night of it,
Indulging in Burgundy, Hock, and Champagne,
And washing them down with punch *a la Romaine* !

“ The age of ruin is not past,
But thine is near ambitious Jew ;
That crown behind the chimney cast,
And better it will be for you :
Thy country's going to the dogs,

And wherefore shouldst *thou* linger here ;

O lay aside those ermined togs—

Hasten to the foreign steam-boat pier !

The spectre had spoken, and vanished like smoke, or

Spreads *a la fourchette*, from the Emperor's sight,

Who loosened the folds of his Young England choker,

And sat staring at—nothing, to left and to right.

A horrid idea

That his fall was near,

Pervaded him after this dread visitation ;

In a cold perspiration,

With great indignation

He called for his guards to interrogate,

“ Whether any black nigger had passed through the
gate ?”

“ No,” was the answer of all the gate holders,

So Sidonia shrugged his imperial shoulders,

And wended him silently back to his room,

To await like a hero his ultimate doom !

Some say that the spectre was merely a daring

Inspector of police ; whilst others despairing

Of finding another, or better solution,

Give Wiggleton credit for nightly intrusion,
As scout, but although, to speak candidly, he
Is precisely the man for a similar 'spree,'
As the feat he has ever distinctly disclaimed,
I think we may guess, without personal malice,
That the famous 'boy Jones!—the royal chummy'
 surnamed,
Was the ghost who appeared to King Ben in the
 palace !

CHAPTER III.

THE TABLES TURNED.

“ BY Jove, Sidonia,” cried Lord Customs, rushing unannounced into the private apartment of the Emperor, who was sitting *tête-à-tête* with young Coningsby ; we are beaten !”

“ Beaten ? — how — when — where ?” said Sidonia starting and *paling*.

“ A battle has been fought upon Hounslow Heath—the Artillery did not arrive in time—one of the regiments we sent down, drew off to a distance, and remained neutral—some of

the men took part with Guilford. He (curse him !) charged most furiously—we were routed—obliged to take to our heels—and that infernal Wilton, whom we were fools enough to make our general, had his left ear *snuffed* off by a shot from Guilford's pistol—you know he is a dead shot."

"I wish he were a dead anything!" muttered the Emperor.

"Well, what next?" enquired Coningsby.

"I had my hat knocked over my eyes directly afterwards, and heard that brute, Lord Harrowdrake, call out 'bravo Omnibus!' I then clapped spurs to my horse, and here I am."

"What's to be done?" said Sidonia, his habitual effrontery forsaking him, and his nerves being still in an agitated state from the effects of the spectral visitation he had been favored with.

"My impression is, that it is a case of cut and run," said Coningsby.

"There will evidently be no cutting and

coming again," said Customs with a melancholy smile.

"In another hour they will be in London, I suppose," said Sidonia, thoughtfully, "we have nothing but the police to oppose them, and even they may perhaps refuse to act; besides we cannot rely upon Brownham, he is sure to change sides now that our popularity is gone!"

"He has done so already," said Lord Customs contemptuously.

"Flight is our only resource," said Sidonia, grimly.

"I shall take refuge in my friend, the 'Flying alligator's' wigwam, at Hampstead, for the next day or two," said Gymnastic.

"Well, good bye, we meet again at Rome," said Sidonia, shaking hands with his friend somewhat more coolly than might have been expected.

"In the Colosseum, then?" said Coningsby, "good bye!" and the young peer departed, with his cricket bat under his arm.

“ I am glad we are rid of him,” muttered Ben, “ he wants *savoir vivre*.”

“ Yes,” said Coningsby, “ two are company, three are none, as the proverb says.”

“ Away, away !”

And the two halves of the Delta hastened along the secret passage leading to the stables. A moment afterwards Lord Harrowdrake, at the head of a party of armed men, burst into the deserted apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONER

WILTON House was situated in a court yard, with a high wall, and massive gates, as all noblemen's houses should be, according to 'Coningsby.' It was a great, uncouth, ugly old piece of architecture, built of dirty bricks, without the slightest symptom of stucco, and was furnished in the newest style. That is to say, in the most tawdry, tasteless, tinsel manner conceivable. However, I cannot stop to abuse it any longer, as although walls have ears, I

yet heard of their having feeling ; and ergo, as a very near and dear relative of mine once expressed himself, it would be throwing good indignation away extremely superfluously.

There came a distant hum of many voices to the ears of its inmates ; shouting, and yelling, and hooting. Nearer and nearer they came, until the words—

‘ Old England for ever !’

were plainly distinguishable. There was one in the hideous old mansion, to whom the words brought bitterest despair, and one to whom they seemed replete with brightest joy !

‘ Old England for ever !’

Again and again the stirring words arose to heaven, and upon the winds—the wild and rapid winds—were borne—the Lord knows whither. Perhaps to Jericho and the Tartarean realms.

A feeble cry of “ Long live Sidonia,” was raised at intervals, but was scarcely audible amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people.

The street before the house was crowded with armed men, some in the guise of soldiers, others in ragged coats, others again without any coats at all. In the centre of the street was a carriage surrounded by soldiers, one of whom was addressing two ladies inside, in a very uncourteous and insolent manner.

“ You can’t pass ma’am,” said he roughly, re-inserting his *lorgnette* in his eye, and frowning savagely to keep it in its place.

“ But what are we to do ?” said Lady Maddens, for she was the owner of the carriage, and was accompanied by her daughter Atalanta.

“ You must get out, and be quick about it,” said the soldier sharply, and as neither her ladyship nor Miss Maddens attempted to obey him, he threw open the door of the carriage, and seizing the latter by the arm, which he squeezed in a very familiar manner, exclaimed, “ Come, my dear, it’s no use resisting,” and was actually proceeding to drag her from the car-

riage, when a tremendous box on the ear from behind caused him to let go his hold and stagger against the nearest of his companions.

“Wretch,” said Guilford in a stern voice, down upon your knees, and beg pardon for your unmanly conduct, this instant, or—” he clapped a pistol to the ear of the officer, who hesitated a moment, but upon second considerations, complied with the terms required, having first laid his handkerchief upon the ground to avoid soiling his trousers.

“Dear Atalanta !” exclaimed Guilford folding his affianced bride in his arms, “at length I am returned—a victor, to claim your promised hand !”

“Dear Clarence,” the rest was stifled in a hasty kiss.

“We have no time now for explanations,” said Guilford, “allow me to place you and your mother in a place of safety. In an hour I will join you, but now I have much to do that cannot be delayed.

So saying, he conducted Lady Maddens and Atalanta to a neighbouring house, and having snatched another kiss by way of inspiration, returned to the carriage, and standing upon the box, called upon the people to burst open the gates of Wilton House, in which it was supposed that Sidonia and his co-partners in sedition had taken refuge.

The mob replied by a joyous shout, and began to batter the oaken portal with pick-axes and other heavy tools, before which it soon gave way, whereupon they rushed into the court yard, and having forced their way into the house, began to scour the whole building in search of the 'Young England' leaders. They found, however, no one there, but the Marquis of Wilton, whom they seized and handcuffed. He was subsequently put in prison, to await his trial for high treason.

As they were about to leave the house, which Guilford with difficulty prevented the

mob from pillaging, sacking and plundering, Sir Clarence fancied that he heard a faint shriek from the far end of one of the passages, and determining to satisfy himself as to the correctness of his impression, he instantly returned in the direction of the sound, followed by several of the people, and could now clearly distinguish cries of "help—help !" from one of the rooms, in a female voice, betraying excessive exhaustion.

"Break open the door," said Guilford.

His orders were immediately obeyed, and on entering the apartment, he beheld a slightly formed and beautiful girl, the deadly pallor of whose complexion, was heightened by the contrast with the mourning suit she wore. Her eyes flashed with an unnatural brightness, she rushed forwards, and threw herself upon her knees before Guilford.

"Save me ! save me !" she exclaimed, " I have been brought here by force, and because

I will not yield to Lord Wilton's wishes, he has locked me up in these rooms, and for the last four-and-twenty hours, I have not tasted food—"

"My dear young lady," said Sir Clarence, "take my arm, I will conduct you instantly to some ladies, who will supply you with whatever you require—do not attempt to speak now, we shall have time for that afterwards. My name is Guilford; the Marquis of Wilton is at present on his way to a prison.

"Thank—thank you!" said the girl, bursting into sobs that threatened to become hysterical, and sinking half fainting into the arms of Sir Clarence, who lifted her as a nurse would a new-born baby, in his arms, and bore her without another word, from the scene of her sufferings, to the house in which he had left Atalanta and her mother.

A flush of jealousy passed over the beautiful

countenance of the former, as our hero entered the room in which they were seated, and deposited his fair burthen upon a sofa ; but a few words sufficed to explain the circumstance, and the alacrity with which Atalanta assisted in restoring animation to the dark haired stranger, more than made amends for the fleeting tinge of suspicion she had indulged in.

“ I leave her to your care, Atalanta,” said Guilford hastily departing.

“ And when Clarence—— ?” she hesitated,

“ We meet this evening at Baker-Street. Farewell for the present !” and Sir Clarence hastened away.

“ *To the Tower !*” Sir Clarence shouted, and his words were re-echoed in tones of thunder by the croud. Onwards they rushed in the wake of their truly heroic leader, and ere long the street before Wilton House was left in undisturbed tranquillity.

Before nightfal the Queen had been rescued from her ignominious captivity, and carried in triumph back to Buckingham Palace, Sir Clarence Guilford had received the heartfelt thanks of her majesty and her princely consort ; had been directed to *form a cabinet*, and to dispatch messengers all over the kingdom, to proclaim a General Election of Members for the New British Parliament, and to make publicly known the cessation of Hebrew Misrule, and the downfall of Ben Sidonia and his crew.

There was a general illumination throughout the metropolis in the evening, and from Mr. Hume's statistics, it would appear that of the aggregate amount of population, somewhat less than one twentieth part went to bed partially sober, whilst at least one fourth did not go to bed at all, or in their own harmonious and convivial phrase—

' Would not go home till morning,
Till daylight did appear !'

Such was their enthusiastic delight at the restoration of their young, fair, and lawful sovereign.

CHAPTER V.

KISSES AND SURPRISES.

It was nearly midnight as Sir Clarence and his cousin repaired to Lady Maddens's dwelling. They found the ladies anxiously awaiting their arrival. Atalanta flew to meet her lover; in silent happiness he pressed her to his heart, and their dark eyes exchanged electric flashes of nameless joy; whilst Lady Maddens slyly stepping behind him, suddenly placed a crown of

laurel on his handsome brow. Never were beheld features more classically beautiful. He looked like Alcander or Hafiz in a black satin weeper, and a coat by Stulz, the baronial architect of broad cloth !

“ Poet, warrior, and statesman !” said Lady Maddens, “ you have deserved the laurel, and — I’ll give you my favorite ataghan, with the poisoned blade to-morrow !”

“ Pray make no such terrible sacrifice for so undeserving a personage,” said Sir Clarence, smiling ; “ am I not a thousand times rewarded by a kiss from these celestial lips ?” and suiting the action to the word, he pressed the rosy mouth of his affianced, to his own. Its pressure was *returned*—delightful consciousness !

“ And what am *I* to have ?” said Omnibus, speaking with affected discontent, drawing himself up to his full height, contracting his brows, and shaking back his chesnut curls, with well acted disdain.

“ Oh dear! I had quite forgotten,” said Lady Maddens, “ our fair guest was to have given you your crown, and certainly you could not receive the laurel from a fairer hand, but she seems to—”

Omnibus turned round and saw, seated in a corner, pale and agitated, the remnants of a chaplet of laurel in her hands, which she had unconsciously pulled to pieces—*La Signora*.

“ Signora Vestalini!” exclaimed the young man, and running towards her, and clasping her hand which he kissed most passionately, he poured forth a torrent of words expressive of delight at their meeting.

Lucia hung down her head, and blushed like an angel. In truth the recollection of the handsome stranger had lived within her breast like a gentle fire, which now at this unexpected *rencontre* burst into a bright and lasting flame.

“ Lucia!” whispered Omnibus, “ do you remember?”

“ Yes—I remember your generosity—your delicate kindness—”

“ My *rudeness*, you mean, or what do you allude to?”

“ To the bank notes sent by an anonymous correspondent, under the pretence of a debt owing to my father. I felt convinced it came from you. To the great prices offered me by the picture dealers for my paintings, to—”

“ Yes,” said Wiggleton, “ I confess to all; nothing but the political events which drove me from London would have prevented me from rendering you more effectual assistance; and now, if the daughter of the Count de Vestalini will condescend to hear my suit, I am—and—accepted or rejected—ever shall be, her most passionate and devoted lover !”

Lucia was silent.

Omnibus took silence for consent, and he was right in doing so. A kiss sealed the contract.

“ Ah !” said Lady Maddens, “ you are already acquainted.”

“ Permit me to introduce you,” said her nephew, still retaining the hand of the no longer pale Signora, “ to my intended bride— Lucia daughter of the Count de Vestalini.”

“ Is she not lovely ?” said Atalanta in a whisper to Sir Clarence.

“ I am afraid to express an opinion upon the subject,” replied the baronet playfully, “ however, as your fair bride has destroyed your victor wreath, Omnibus, I suppose we must go halves in mine.”

“ No, no,” said Wiggleton, “ you are my general—I am but an *aid-de-camp*—besides it would be a pity to take it off; you look so well in it.”

“ Does he not ?” said Atalanta naively.

“ I have a proposition to make, said Lady Maddens solemnly.

“ Hear, hear !” said her nephew.

“ I propose,” continued her ladyship, “ that this day fortnight, the double wedding take place, and that we now go down to supper.”

“ I propose an amendment,” said Sir Clarence.

“ What is that ?” said Atalanta

“ That the weddings take place this day *week* !”

Atalanta and Lucia blushed terribly, and said—“ Oh, *no*—impossible,” and so on, in a very equivocal tone.

“ Consider, my dear Sir Clarence, the dresses,” said Lady Maddens.

“ I will not consider anything,” replied the baronet.

“ This day *week* then ?” said Omnibus “ and to make sure, I’ll engage a bishop.”

“ Then it is decided,” said Gnilford.

“ Supper is ready,” said the butler.

Atalanta and Lucia, with their arms gracefully entwined round each others waists, ran down-stairs first, together, (for short as their acquaintance had been they were already, from congeniality in feelings and pursuits, quite confidential friends), much to the

disappointment of their respective cavaliers, who had no resource but to follow in their wake, with aunt Maddens in the middle, looking at least ten years younger, than upon ordinary occasions.

“ Youth and love—glorious words! would ye could last for ever! I would not ask a better Paradise.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF BEN
SIDONIA ON THIS STAGE.

BE so kind, my dear mathematical reader, as to add my description of a storm on Westminster Bridge, to the incessant roar of the waves, as they lash the shingled shore of Deal, multiply the result by twenty, and if you have the slightest dash of the sublime in your composition, you may form some idea of the

darkly tempestuous character of the evening, on which two travellers arrived at an inn of somewhat poor and comfortless exterior, in the above mentioned watering-place.

They looked like a couple of—drowned rats, I should say, were I treating of common-place characters—but under the existing circumstances I prefer comparing them to drowned *lions*, as they entered the little parlour of the inn, and threw aside their “wrap-rascals,” saturated by many hours exposure to the pitiless storm.

“An uncomfortable night!” quoth the senior traveller taking off his hat, which by some peculiar contrivance, seemed provided with several brims, rising one above another, like the stories of the far-famed Tower of Babel, and hanging it upon the corner of a chair back, in the absence of pegs. His hair which was of jetty blackness hung dripping and disorderly around his care-worn features, and his waistcoat,

although wet and dirty, had evidently been white in its more juvenile days. His companion was much younger, and dressed in a similar manner.

“We are tired and hungry,” said the elder traveller, “can we have something to eat and drink here, and beds for the night?”

“Anything you please, sir, what would you like to have, gentlemen?” said the landlord.

“Something hot,” said the younger traveller, “that does not take long cooking.”

“Eggs and bacon?” suggested the host.

“No, no, anything but that.”

“Pooh!” said the elder traveller, “let us have the eggs and bacon, and be quick about it, I am perfectly ravenous, I have not tasted a mouthful since—since—”

“Since we dined,” completed his companion.

“ And bring some slippers,” said the senior guest.

“ And some brandy,” said the junior, “ some nice, strong, contraband !”

“ Very well, sir.”

The eggs and bacon came—how deliciously they steamed ! The slippers and the grog were then brought in.

“ Capital !” said the owner of the tiara-like hat, shovelling some more eggs and bacon into his plate, whilst the thunder rolled, and the forked lightning flashed round the room.

He hesitated a moment, and if the thought *did* cross his mind, that these celestio-electric developments in any way referred to the food he was eating, he, at any rate, took care not to give utterance to the opinion.

“ Do you remember, Sidonia,” said the younger of the travellers, “ our first meeting at an inn in the forest, and your proving to me that all great things had been done by men

under six and thirty? I thought you a *hero* then, but now I think you a *humbug*!”

“ A humbug?”

“ Yes, by Jove!”

“ Well, Coningsby,” said the ex-emperor, gravely, “ I like candour. We have had our day, or rather I have had my day, for you were but the puppet of the hour—pass me the eggs and bacon;” he swept what remained in the dish into his plate, and then continued— “ I am now about to take refuge in a foreign country, a ship awaits me in the offing; but travelling for two will be a useless expense, I shall therefore take immediate measure to avoid it.”

So saying, Sidonia leant back in his chair, and opening a mouth like an ogre’s, beckoned with his finger to Coningsby, who, strange to state, without even waiting to take off his slippers, jumped clean down the throat of his

great master, and was seen no more upon earth.* Sidonia washed his pupil down by a tumbler of brandy, and ringing the bell for a night candle, betook himself to bed.

Early the next morning he embarked for the continent in the brig of the smuggler Rustan, and is at the present moment, I understand, about to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Grand Cairo, to see whether a young Syria, or young Egypt, may not be established in the

* This must be altered, it is too preposterous ! send him to the devil if you like—but don't let the way be down Ben's throat.†--Note by a friendly critic.

† It is hard to be obliged to explain one's own joke. However, as you, my dear ——, have missed the point of the allusion, elucidate, I must. The fact is then, that the above incident is merely a figurative prophecy of the time, when Mr. Sidonia will be glad at any price to retract his Young England manifesto, and eat his own words in a manner most unequivocal and summary. I write this because if you do not take my meaning, I can hardly expect the generality of readers, who neither know me nor my mode of thinking, to do so.—Author's note to the above.

East. May his efforts meet with all the success they deserve!

Need I add that under the enlightened government of Sir Clarence Guilford and his colleagues, the country again began to prosper; Chartism and Anti-Corn-Law Leagues disappeared, rents were lowered by the landholders, the Game and Poor Laws were most unequivocally repealed; labour again became of value, and trade was restored to its equilibrium. That the Jew barons, stripped of their impudently assumed titles, again sank into insignificance, more especially as, by the interference of the Liberal Government, they were hindered in many of their mal-practices, particularly their extortionate grinding down of the poor work-women, that Arch-Bishop Pusey was deprived of his mitre, and the Pope and his bulls laughed at as of yore?

Need I tell you how Sir Clarence Guilford became a duke, and Omnibus Wiggleton a Knight of the garter; how the wife of the

latter came into large estates near Naples, and how many children Atalanta and Lucia presented to their lords; how Whigs and Tories became mere names in the scroll of history, as the Guelphs and Ghibillines of the olden time, and how 'Young England' grew old—flat, stale, and unprofitable, and was finally forgotten by everybody but the Jews; how all the Hebrews who had emigrated to London from all parts of the world, in the hope of obtaining posts under the Sidonian dynasty, returned like a swarm of locusts to whence they came, and how all my subordinate characters rose to be first rate people in their respective lines and professions?

No! I need not tell you all this—for I have told it you already.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE spell is broken, the dream is past ! The last grotesque Daguerotype is thrown aside, and we return from the realms of imagination to the not less strange realities of life. Like Parry—not Mr. Parry, the concert singer—but Captain Parry, the adventurous explorer of the

arctic regions, we throw aside our bearskin mantle and harpoon, and rest in hopes that some kind wind will bring us prospering *airs*, and swell our opening *sails* !

The burlesque sketch, which I have ventured to lay before the reader, was written under considerable disadvantages. In the first place, it was of necessity much hurried in the execution ; secondly, I was more than once interrupted by ill health. To these causes are to be ascribed many of the faults in style and expression, as well as a certain abruptness and want of finish in many passages, and several actual mistakes, which it is now too late to think of remedying. But when an author runs a race with devils—(printer's devils, I mean)—these little accidents are almost unavoidable. To write a successful novel, in these overnovelled times, is confessedly a very arduous undertaking, especially a *historical* novel ; but when a little taper like mine, has

to compete with such glaring flambeaux as those shortly about to be lighted, its sole chance of escaping from being extinguished, is a clear field, and the first blow at the patience of the literary public on its return to the metropolis.

Certainly the ensuing season will be a brilliant one for literature, if the promises held out by the publishers are but one-half fulfilled. One of the most remarkable circumstances about to take place, is the publication of "A Young England Journal," of which we have been favored, in confidence, with a prospectus; with which, also in confidence, of course, we will favor the indulgent reader, as a sort of *bon bouche*, or reward, for having waded so patiently through our fantastic volumes; just as an affectionate mamma gives Tommy half-a-crown, or a plum cake (as the case may be) for his heroism in undergoing the extraction of a tooth, by the dentist.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND JOURNAL,

AND

WHITE WAISTCOAT GAZETTE,

The that-is-to-be most fashionable Newspaper going,

WILL ADVOCATE THE MOST SLASHING POLITICS

ON BOTH SIDES,

And cut up all Parties with unparalleled severity

EDITED BY BEN SIDONIA,

Founder of "The New Generation," and undoubtedly

THE A. I. POLITICIAN OF HIS AGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS

*Will be furnished by every living author
worth reading, and*

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Will include every Town, Village, and Island,
inhabited, or uninhabited, on the face of
the Globe.

LORD GYMNASTIC CUSTOMS

will furnish a discourse upon the mummeries
of the olden time, including, “*An Essay upon
hobby horses*,” and a series of articles, forming

THE HISTORY OF CRICKET,

it's decline and fall, with a digression upon
Leapfrog and its origin, and

AN ENTIRELY NEW THEORY

Of Battledore and Shuttlecock.

MR. GRUNT,

more commonly termed "Gruntimagne," author
of "*The Great Metropolis*," (*a monstrously
capital work*) and other outlandish productions,
has been engaged at a heavy salary—payable
when he can get it—

TO DO THE STATISTICS,

a department in which, it is scarcely necessary
to add, he is particularly, indeed most emi-

nently calculated to shine. We may, therefore, look for a most correct estimate, including decimal fractions, of

THE NUMBER OF SHIRTS AND STOCKINGS,

and every other description of human apparel, washed at the New washing-houses ; as also of the quantity of tubs which leak, and a variety of other extremely interesting particulars which Gruntimagne alone could collect.

THE HON. VAN DIEMEN JONES,

Author of "Mysterious Medleys," &c.,

will contribute "Chartist Ballads," and a didactic poem on the "Advantages of an Oli-

garchy," and the " Beauties of Despotism,"
with a romantic serio comic tale, called—

" HISTORY IN A NEW LIGHT."

OR

" Old authorities turned topsy turvey."

A YOUNG ENGLAND PEER SPIRITUAL,
THE BISHOP OF——

will write a series of sermons on the virtues
of Puseyism and the advisability of restoring
Popery in this country ; with the equal ad-
vantages that would accrue to " the Church,"
by quadrupling the number of churches in the
Metropolis, and *not* at all increasing his own
patronage—of course not !

REPORTS of the Agricultural Meetings
for the benefit of the laborers (being a *sine-
cure*) will be taken

B Y N O B O D Y ,

who will receive a large salary for doing
nothing.

THE REVIEWING DEPARTMENT

will fall to Mr. Horne, the *Spirit Manufacturer*; who will also publish an article of a very lively character, in the first number called

EVERYTHING ITS OWN ANTIPODES,

or, "The Philosophy of Incomprehensibility."
One of the first works reviewed will be

‘*THE WANDERING JEW* ;’

BY EUGENE SUE.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND ILLUSTRATIONS

WILL BE DRAWN BY

K E N N Y M E A D O W S ,

Who, it is anticipated will, owing to the ver-

dancy of the subject, do wonders in etching and wood-cuts. The admirable *blocks* he will have to work upon, will of course be a great advantage in the latter style. Finally,

THE CRACK PRODUCTION

Of the journal will be a continued work, by the thrice renowned editor, entitled

THE ART OF POLITICS;

OR,

GOVERNMENT MADE EASY,

By one who is up to diplomatic snuff;

MOTTO :

‘ I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.’

SHAKSPEARE.

The sale of 'Young England' will be of course *unprecedented*—either one way or the other, and the 'Times' and 'Chronicle,' will at once retire from the unequal contest, and advertise their offices to be let accordingly.

‘SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM!’

And now let us see what stands next upon our list.

THE LONG RIFLE.

(*Not Fennimore Cooper's.*)

A WOULD-BE-FUNNY-IF-IT-COULD

PERIODICAL;

INVENTED TO CUT OUT PUNCH!

And got up by an eminent Gun-smith, formerly importer of foreign powder from the mills of Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, and other celebrated Frenchmen.

Pshaw ! it needs no conjuring to prophesy *its* destiny — the pastry-cooks and trunk-makers may tell the rest, if asked.

But you read the news, and therefore will doubtless consider my retailing it in these pages, as utterly superfluous, or a desperate attempt to blunder on the orthodox number of pages, considered by hard-hearted publishers, as requisite to form a volume *comme il faut*. I could, if I would—but I *won't*—assist in supporting an absurd piece of literary tyranny ; I will ‘*not* upon compulsion Hal’ eke out my poor ideas to the three hundredth page—will not condescend to describe scenery, and *je ne sais quoi* besides, for readers to skip, and critics to sneer at. No !

‘ THE MOUNTAIN NYMPH, SWEET
LIBERTY.’

Is the only muse I want, so I shall make a flourish with this horridly bad pen, and scribble finis in my most illegible hieroglyphics, in another second.

“One word ere we part,” as Monk Lewis said at the conclusion of his celebrated ‘Bravo, does the reader like my way of telling stories? because if he does—he must take the consequences; and neither my publisher nor I, can be held answerable for what may happen.

FINIS.

Mr. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

I.

MRS. GREY'S NEW NOVEL.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA," "THE BELLE OF THE FAMILY," "THE OLD DOWER HOUSE," &c.

"Mrs. Grey is a graceful and elegant writer. These are passages which, by their desolation and their passion, remind us of the scenes which the town admired so much in 'Ellen Middleton.'"—*Athenæum*.

"We can award to *The Gambler's Wife* a very high place among the fictions of the season."—*Critic*.

"It is a tale devoid of every thing approaching to exaggeration, and all its incidents are so naturally told, that each appears a matter of fact told by a person of distinguished acquirements."—*Magnet*.

"*The Gambler's Wife* is a first rate novel."—*Planet*.

"*The Gambler's Wife* has a sound practical moral attached to it, that the most dull, or the most giddy cannot fail to feel and take to heart."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"With the exception, perhaps, of '*The Young Widow*,' there is no novel that has been published this year for whose admission into every family we should so strongly plead as that of '*The Gambler's Wife*.'"—*News of the World*.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

II.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

RIDES IN THE PYRENEES.

By Miss SELINA BUNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "COOMBE ABBEY," &c.

"Miss Bunbury has written her narrative in so pleasant and familiar a style, that it cannot fail to captivate all who have the good fortune to read it."—Morning Herald.

"Here we have abundance of scenic description, historical retrospect, sketches of character, and playful wit, amidst much information, all written in a clear and elegant style, and fraught with the noblest sentiment."—Birmingham Advertiser.

"Miss Bunbury has produced a very pleasant book, fresh in its idea, and distinguished for good sense and right feeling."—Britannia.

"Miss Bunbury shews a fitness to enjoy a tour herself, and interest those who sit at home ensconced by the parlour fire."—Critic.

"Every thing that Miss Bunbury says or does, is gracefully feminine."—Naval and Military Gazette.

"Miss Bunbury has pleasant qualities for a tourist; she tells an incident or an anecdote of her journey well, and sketches a landscape with effect."—Spectator.

"These travels are written with ease and vivacity, and form two very agreeable volumes."—Weekly Dispatch.

"Miss Bunbury has a shrewd womanly tact and power of observation and description, and a lively disposition, which is always attractive."—Athenæum.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

III.

In 1 vol. post 8vo.

ALGERIA—PAST AND PRESENT.

Containing a description of the Country and its Inhabitants. With a review of its History from the earliest period to the present time. From notes during a residence in 1843.

BY J. H. BLOFELD, ESQ.

IV.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

THE COURT-PARTIAL.

A Tale of Military Life in 18—.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

V.

Part I., in Monthly Parts, price 1s. each,

THE

ORPHAN ; OR MEMOIRS OF MATILDA.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CRUIKSHANK.

" This is the most complete and finished of all Eugene Sue's extraordinary productions. The Illustrations promise to be effective."--Brighton Guardian.

" This novel, which has set all Paris mad, has been translated by the Hon. D. G. Osborne. Eugene Sue has no reason to complain of his translator."--Court Journal.

" An excellent translation of Sue's celebrated work."--Liverpool Chronicle.

" The Orphan promises to be as exciting as Eugene Sue's novels already published."--Critic.

" It is decidedly the most finished and complete of the author's productions. The story is wild, exciting, absorbing, and mysterious to the last degree."--Times.

MR. NEWBN'S NEW WORKS.

VI.

Parts I. to XI. To be completed in 20

Monthly Parts, price 1s. each,

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CRUIKSHANK.

“ The writer of the narrative here begun is versed in the history of the wicked old place. ‘The business’ already opened in these numbers is sufficiently rapid and fierce to promise the right sort of entertainment.”—*Examiner*.

“ It shadows forth the secret history of this terrible dungeon, the grave of so many captives. It will be read with considerable interest in England.”—*Sun*.

“ The title comprehends the object of the work, which is fairly executed.—*Literary Gazette*.

“ We can safely recommend these *Chronicles of the Bastile*, ably illustrated as they already are, by two very characteristic plates from the talented treasury of Cruikshank, to the earnest patronage of every enemy of despotism, and of every eager reader of heartrending and spiritstirring transactions.—*Morning Advertiser*.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

VII.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS GUIDE.

By the Editor of "The Grandfather."

VIII.

E P H E M E R I D E S ;

OR

OCCASIONAL RECREATIONS

AT THE

SEA PORT TOWN OF

TANT-PERD-TANT-PAYE.

BY

ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, Esq.

IX.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

NEW NOVEL BY THE "SCOTTISH BOZ."

A SECOND EDITION.

T H E Y O U N G W I D O W .

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS.

X.

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

T H E G R A N D F A T H E R ,

BY THE LATE MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

AUTHOR OF

"NAN DARRELL," "THE GRUMBLER," &c.

XI.

In 1 vol.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN.

By the late J. OVERS. With a Preface

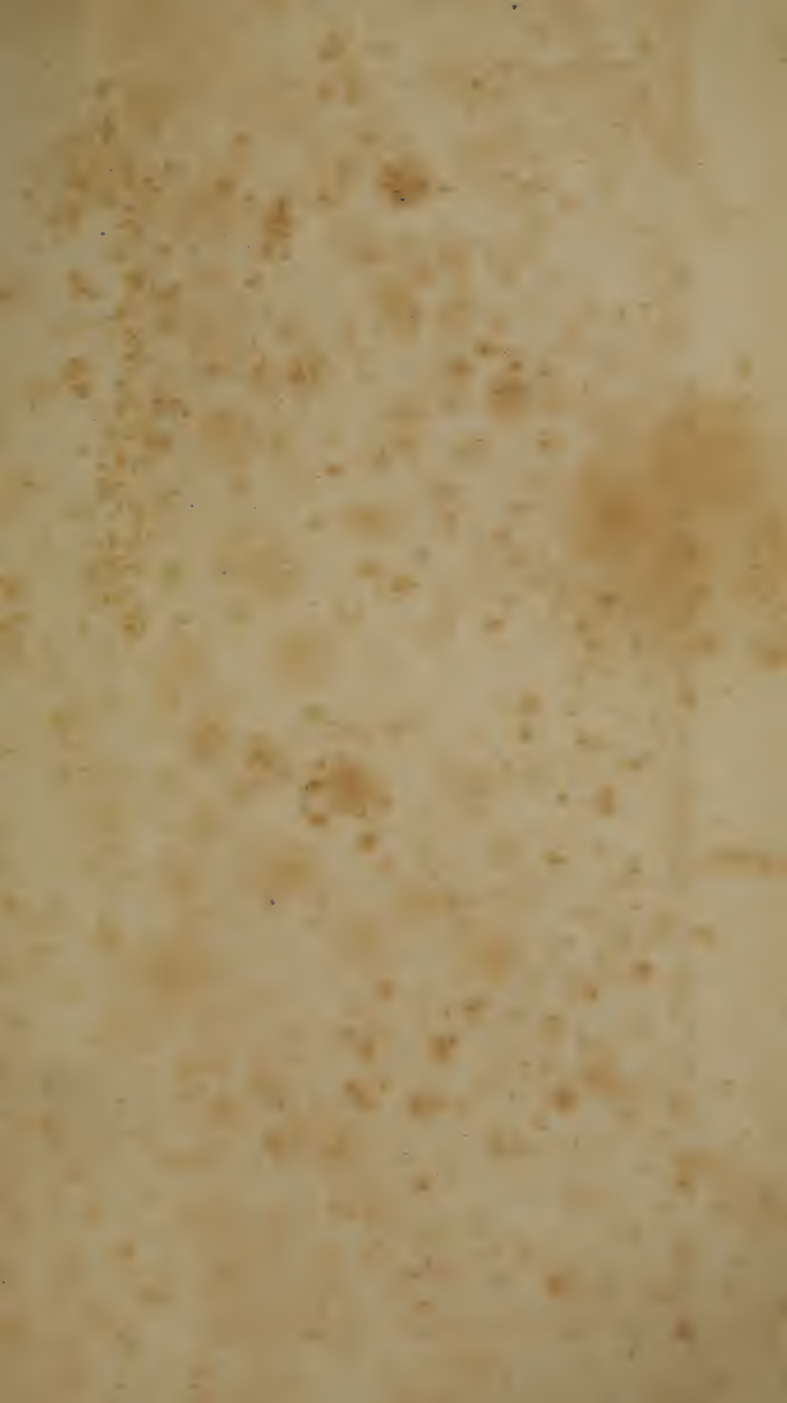
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

XII.

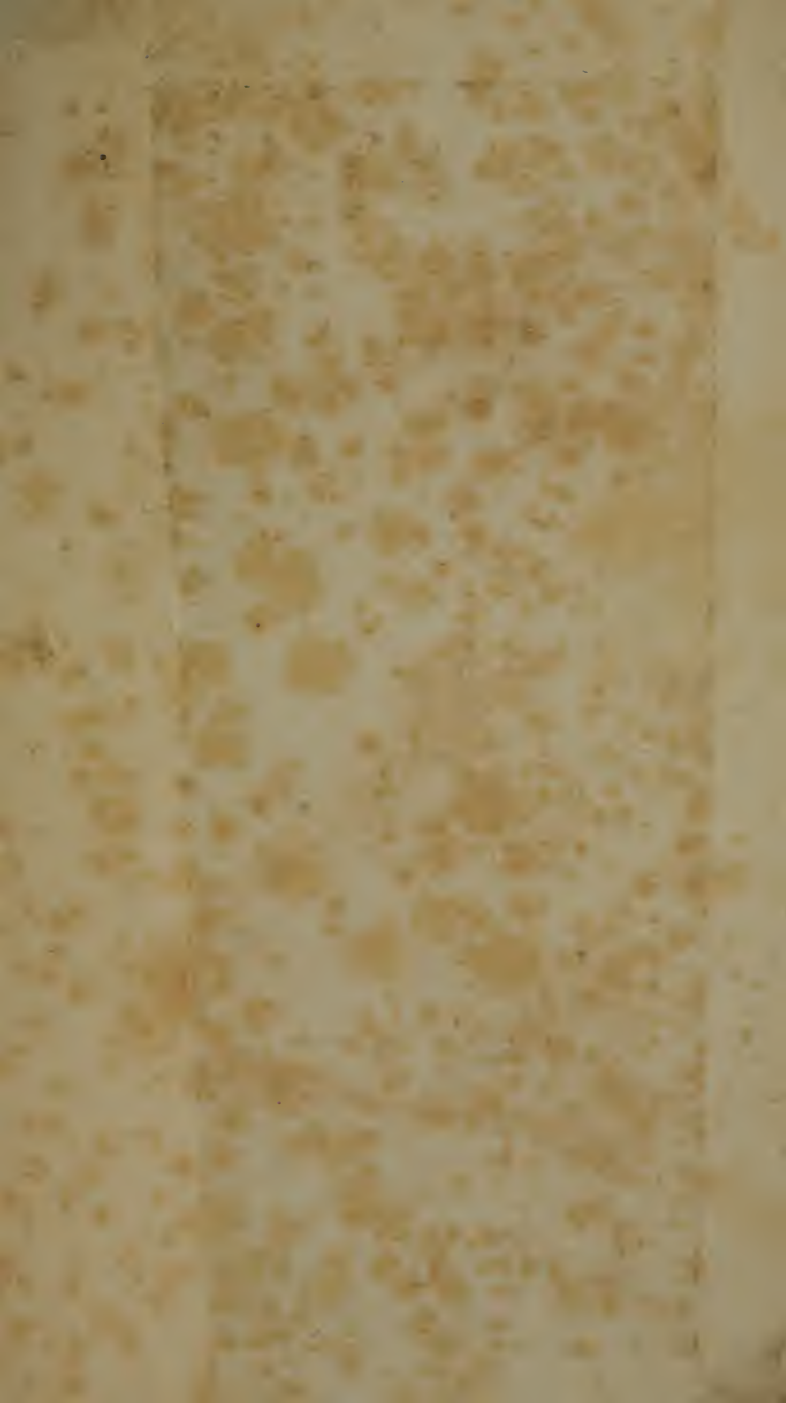
In 2 vols. post 8vo.

TALES OF THE CAMP AND CABINET.

BY COLONEL TUCKER.









3 0112 052951628